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OCTOBER 15, 1967

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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AMERICAN VOGUE
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

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Vol. 150, No. 7, Whole No. 2187

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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.
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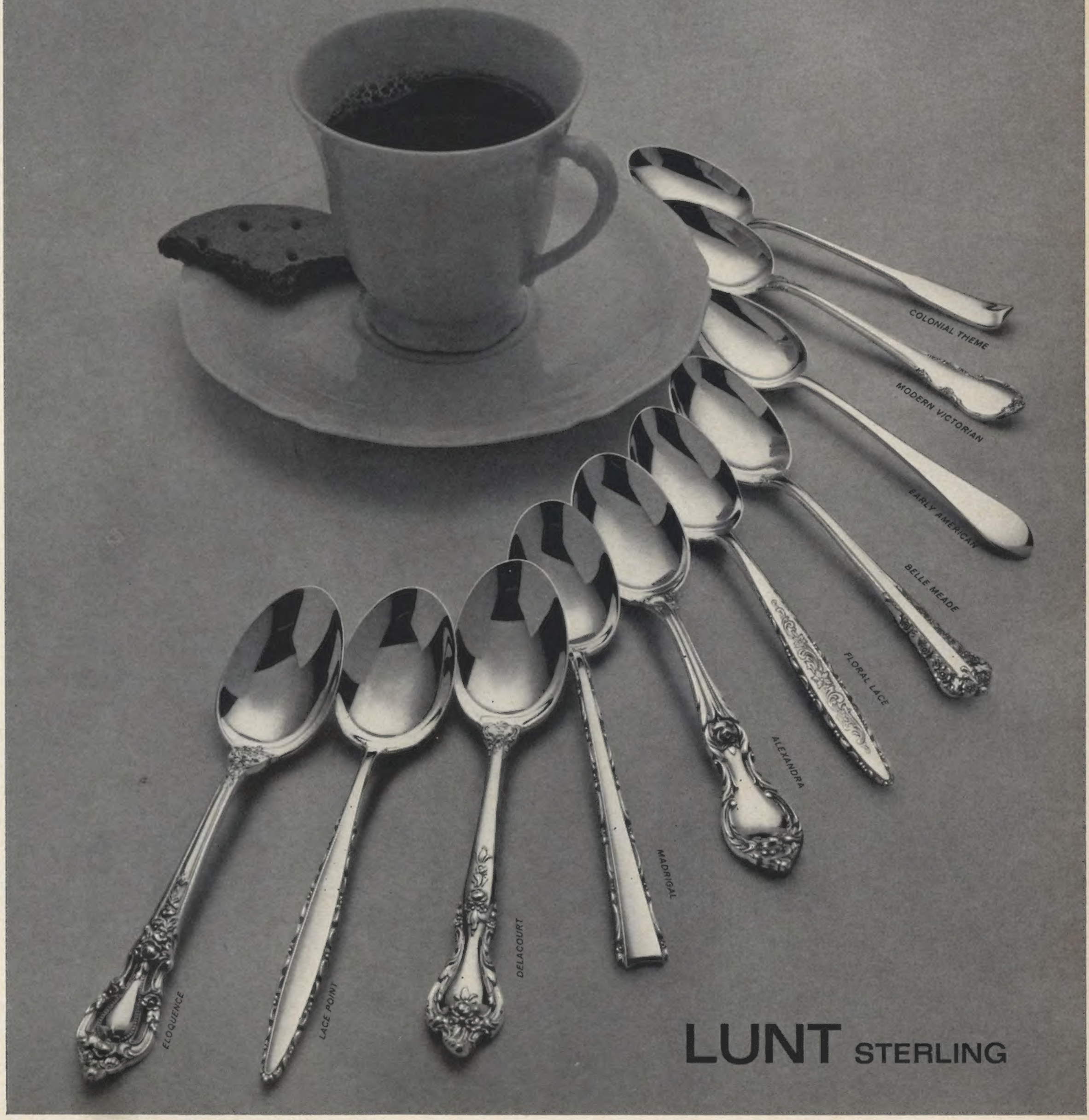


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by Domani

6-16. The bold-striper in citron-and-white and turquoise-and-white, 6-14. Both are double knits of Dacron® and wool for go power. Both by Domani Knits division of Puritan Fashions Corporation. Stores listed on page following this section.

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by The Young Naturals

navy, black, 8-18. Two-tone skimmer in yellow, blue, pink or jade with white, 8-18. Both The Young Naturals by Barnsville, U.S.A. division of Puritan Fashions Corporation. Stores listed on page following this section.

Ford's sporting XL

This racy-looking Ford XL fastback shapes up as one of the big movers of '68. Its provocative styling is a one-of-a-kind thing. You'll find the ride strong and quiet, the interior luxe and roomy. XL's seemingly endless list of better ideas includes options like AM/FM stereo radio, power front disc brakes, and steering. The Ford XL fastback is a lot of car just the way the Country Squire is a lot of wagon. Country Squire has the Magic Doorgate that swings out for people and

THE MOVERS CIRCA '68:

and Country Squire—supercharged looks by Paddle & Saddle

down for big packages. And this year for the first time they have headlights that "hide" by day, shine by night. XL fastback and Country Squire—two of the big movers in '68. *Two racy looks by Paddle & Saddle to match the racy Ford looks: the open-road flower-power print and the wild-print turtleneck overblouse, both supercharged with great jolts of color. Paddle & Saddle is a division of Puritan Fashions Corporation. At fine stores everywhere.*



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The Grape Peelers and other famous food kooks

By Leonard Lyons

"The Culinary Art," said George Lang of the Tower Suite restaurant in New York, "is truly Art for Art's sake, like writing lyric poetry with disappearing ink. But before it disappears—ah, the taste lingers, the memory endures. . . ."

Alfred Hitchcock subscribes to this. One measure of his devotion is that the kitchen he installed in his Bel Air house cost eight times as much as he paid for the entire house. And Hitchcock keeps the shelves constantly stocked with delicacies.

Danny Kaye not only keeps a constant inventory of kitchen treasures but enjoys cooking dinners for his guests. Kaye has three simple ground rules for these dinners: (1) No appetizers are served; (2) guests are allowed only one drink before dinner—more would affect the appetite and taste; and (3) Kaye will wait for a guest no longer than one minute.

Hitchcock and Kaye are, without question, qualified members of the informal club of American gourmets. To most, this group was once exemplified by Mae West's memorable line, "Peel me a grape." But in the ensuing years the standards, like Mae West's measurements, have experienced much change.

James Beard said that in America anyone who eats broccoli thinks he's a gourmet. Abe Burrows directs such contempt at most bachelors: "A bachelor thinks he's cooking when he puts mustard on a corned-beef sandwich." And Mrs. David Ben Gurion shrugged about all American chefs: "They can't cook. They just open cans."

To Claude Philippe, owner of Le Pavillon in New York, anyone professing to enjoy a Chinese dinner would be eliminated from the list of modern Grape Peelers. "A Chinese dinner," Philippe said, "is like a lull between two mistresses—no spice, no imagination."

Zero Mostel dissented from Philippe's dictum, particularly in behalf of his art protégé, Ngot Lee, who was served a Chinese dinner at the Provincetown home of Lily Harmon, the painter, and congratulated her: "Hm. Excellent. Just like mother used to make. . . ."

The founder of Le Pavillon, the late Henri Soulé, was unquestionably a food connoisseur of the first order. The courses he prepared created elite standards for a full generation. Yet, oddly enough, at closing hour I used to see Soulé alone at a table in the side room, having the most ordinary of dishes—ham and eggs.

One day Soulé obliged a favoured customer, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by travelling to Washington on a train—just to sample the dining-car menu. I heard Soulé's report: "I'll say this about the food—the salt and pepper were good."

The use of salt, pepper, and other seasonings is a sensitive matter. Emlyn Williams puts salt on his ice cream. Jules Stein, head of Music Corporation of America, cured a son of mine of his habit of putting salt and pepper on a steak set before him by stating: "J. C. Penney would never hire you. I heard Mr. Penney say that by putting salt and pepper on your steak without first tasting it, you demonstrate that you make decisions before you have a chance to weigh them properly."

Gourmets differ about the proper use of garlic. During Raoul Dufy's last visit to New York I took him to supper at a nightclub. The painter ordered his food seasoned with garlic, and said: "Food without garlic is like a wallet without money."

(Continued on page 26)



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The Grape Peelers

(Continued from page 22)

Mme. Louis Vaudable, however, definitely frowns upon garlic. The operator of a famed cooking school and wife of the owner of Maxim's in Paris, she persuaded her husband to remove the listing of snails from the menu at Maxim's—because of the garlic. "The fact is," said Mme. Vaudable, "garlic is not fashionable. People who order snails really want only the sauce, with mushrooms. And mushrooms we serve at Maxim's. *They're* fashionable."

George Jessel confirmed this, about snails, one night at La Tour d'Argent in Paris: "It's really the sauce that makes it delicious. I'll prove it to you, right here and now—that it's only the sauce."

He ripped a piece from his straw hat, dipped it into the snail sauce, ate it—and declared: "See? I was right. It *is* delicious."

At La Tour d'Argent the Club de Cent—composed of one hundred gourmets—met regularly. There, one night, the ninety-one-year-old Edmund Chaiz said: "When I die, I hope it will be at the dinner table here; and, of course, *after* the dessert."

A New York equivalent of the Club de Cent—the Gourmet Society—once invited Lillian Gish to be guest of honour at its annual dinner. She accepted the invitation, appeared at the dinner, and then was shown the prize dish before it was served: Pheasant with a grape in its mouth.

Miss Gish eliminated herself from all future meetings of the Gourmet Society by saying to its members: "This pheasant with the grape in its mouth—I can either eat it or look at it, but not both. . . ."

William Holden said he was unable to choose between eating or looking at a prized dish in Malaya. The main course was a stew made from a freshly killed thirty-foot python. Holden managed to decline by telling his host that he was a vegetarian. A friend asked him: "Bill, since when are you a vegetarian?"

"Since I peeked into the kitchen," said Holden, "and saw the main course fighting for its life."

Douglas Campbell, the British star who played the title rôle in Paddy Chayefsky's *Gideon*, is a vegetarian. So is his wife—except on Christmas Day, when she has duck. Campbell once was asked by a non-vegetarian cynic: "Suppose you were wrecked on a desert island and could find only rabbits there. Would you eat a rabbit?"

"No," Campbell replied. "I would eat what the rabbit eats."

Red Buttons would refuse to eat a rabbit—not because of vegetarianism but only because he's a food faddist: He and his wife eat food-substitute pills and organic food. Once during their safari in Kenya, Mrs. Buttons lectured to the pygmies and warned them that fried food was stunting their growth.

In Hollywood one night Buttons discovered that the mother of one of his writers was having a birthday. The comic had no time to shop for a suitable gift and therefore sent the lady champagne, caviar, and congratulatory notes. He wondered if he'd been wise in choosing champagne and caviar, because no acknowledgment came. Buttons waited for the opportunity, then asked about his gifts.

"Yes, I received two items," the lady replied. "And as long as you've brought up the subject, I feel I must tell you—the celery-tonic was sour, and the jelly somehow tasted like fish. . . ."

Truman Capote once said: "Most of my friends subsist on seedless grapes, dehydrated apricots, and hummingbird tongues." But there are many illustrious ones who delight in other forms of Peeled Grape.

Julie Andrews says she can live happily on baked-potato skin washed down with champagne. Alfred Lunt's specialty is chicken, well done. He said about his recipe: "It's easy. I cook it, then cook it again." Noël Coward, incidentally, scoffed at Lunt's roast chicken: "Alfred just sticks a pound of butter into

(Continued on page 39)

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In the glen in a Maiden white nightdress by EVE STILLMAN.
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the then look of camelot

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In Queen Guinevere's bedroom in a Nile green slip by HENSON-KICKERNICK.
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Always so soft, so airy, so romantic, too. The lace-edged slip, about $15. 32-38 Average; 32-36 Short; 32-36 Short-short.
Also in moss, wisteria with white, and white with white. For store listings, see page 26. J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., New York 10036.

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On the circular staircase in a Sir Lancelot blue sleep gown by DIOR.
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and The Higbee Co., Cleveland. For other stores, see page 26. J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., New York 10036.

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Also available in Canada.

The Grape Peelers

(Continued from page 26)

the chicken and then shoves it all into the oven."

Chicken Paprika was the speciality of Alexander Ince, the late producer-publisher. He cooked it for guests at my house one night and his Hungarian colleague, Iles Brody, later asked him: "Did you tell the guests that I was your cooking teacher?"

"Of course," Ince replied. "And I reminded them that Rembrandt, too, had a teacher."

It was Ince, moving in elegant circles on all continents and expert on The Good Life, who pointed out the odd contrast between England and his native Hungary: "In England people live like kings but eat like pigs. In Hungary they live like pigs but eat like kings."

Ince's mentor in all things culinary, dramatic, and Hungarian was Ferenc Molnar, most successful of Hungary's playwrights. Once, when I dined with Molnar at a restaurant on New York's West Fifty-eighth Street he persuaded me to change my order of a chopped steak. He did it with his story of the Budapest headwaiter who was saved from drowning in the Danube by a rich man.

The headwaiter gasped to his benefactor: "I am a poor man and I can not pay you for saving my life. All I can do is tell you, 'Never order chopped steak.' This, someday, may save *your* life."

Joy Claussen survived several years of chopped-steak dinners, and then reached Broadway in the musical *The Happiest Girl in the World*. She rushed to Sardi's after the final curtain and ordered a filet mignon, explaining: "I always wondered what these things taste like before being ground up into hamburgers."

The nation's consumption of hamburgers increased manifestly after Lyndon Johnson became President and further popularized the Texas barbecue. Howard K. Smith, the television commentator, once said that he attended a Texas luncheon for the President and saw huge hamburgers—each shaped like the state of Texas.

Smith studied LBJ's way of handling a stream of notes with scribbled answers and paid little heed to his Texas-shaped hamburger: "I was so fascinated by the way the President handled messages that I never ate my way past Amarillo."

The then Ambassador from the Philippines, Carlos P. Romulo, was introduced to Texas cooking when his plane landed in Dallas at 5:30 A.M. He noticed a diner near the airport and went there for breakfast. The man sitting in the next chair ordered waffles, and so did Romulo.

The waitress brought scrambled eggs for Romulo and waffles for his neighbour. "Mr. Ambassador," the waitress whispered, by way of explanation, "the short-order cook who's now on can't make good waffles."

There is a short-order cook in a Lexington Avenue joint in New York who has managed to earn a reputation because of his tasty gravy. One man finally asked the cook for the ingredients. The cook looked puzzled. "Let's start from the beginning," the man began. "How much water do you use?"

Further inquiry ceased when the cook replied: "How much water do I use in preparing this gravy? Oh, I'd say about a mouthful."

Aristotle Onassis often was host, aboard his famous yacht, to the late Ludwig Bemelmans. Onassis rightly thought the writer-painter-ex-waiter a true gourmet. In reciprocation for all the splendid dinners Bemelmans had enjoyed on Onassis's yacht, he invited Onassis for bouillabaise aboard his small chartered boat.

Bemelmans supervised the preparations. The chef he'd hired for the day stirred the fish stew, then submitted a sampling to Bemelmans—who frowned: "It lacks something. It definitely lacks something."

The chef sampled it slowly, as if measuring the ingredients, and said: "You're quite right,

(Continued on page 71)



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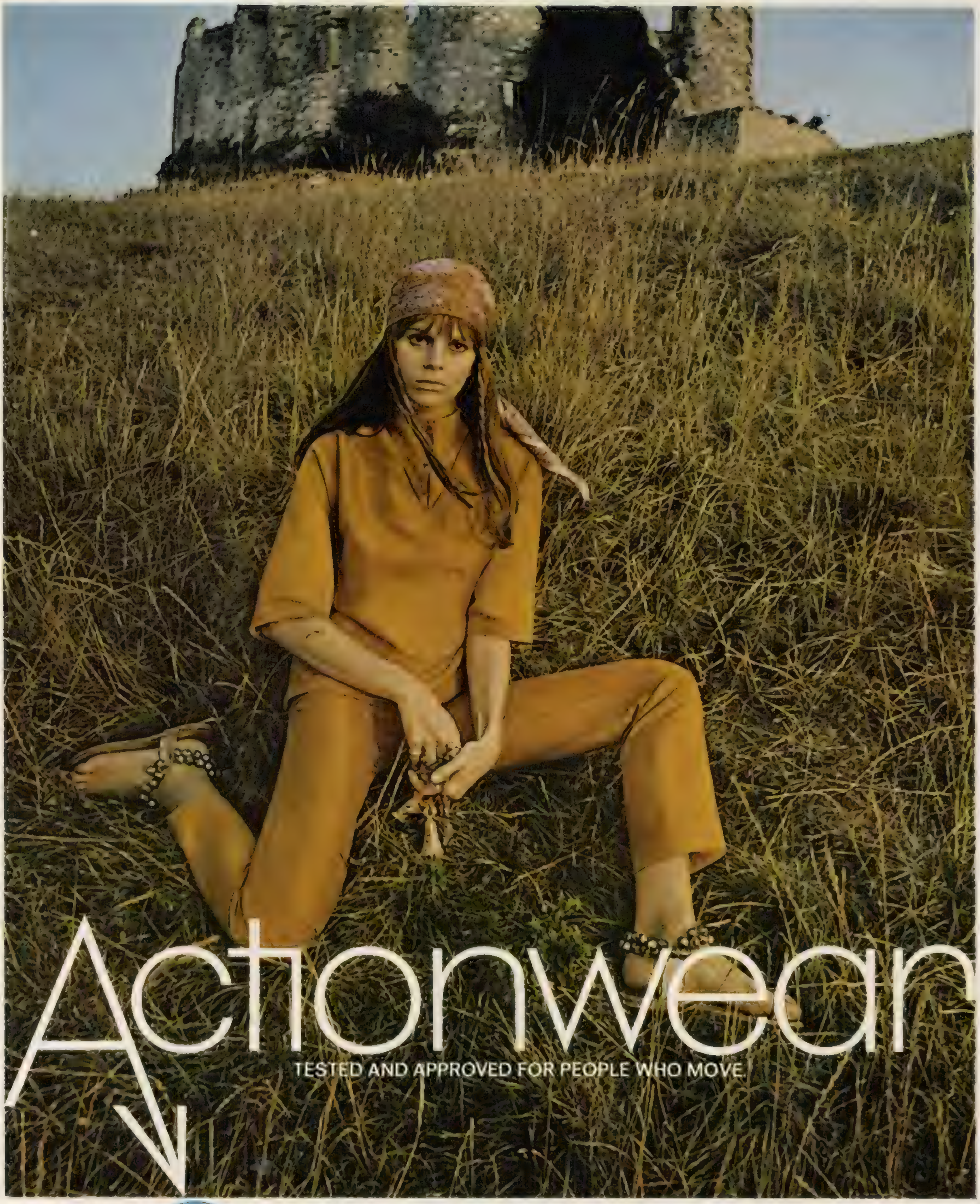


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Seen at the Ramada Inn:
The Blazer Knit that keeps itself in shape.
It's new WINTUK* from Du Pont.



ROSANNA's blazer stripes, partnered with pants, in the easy good looks of "Wintuk", the premium yarn of 100% Orlon† acrylic. For a knit that's really fit—and stays that way. Lazing attractively, here, beside a Ramada Inn pool: the nubby knit blazer, in yachting navy or flag red with white; coffee with cream. 34-40. $19. The double knit pants, in white, yachting navy, stone beige, geranium, sand, frosty lime, frosty blue, frosty yellow, black. 8-16. $16. At fine stores everywhere.

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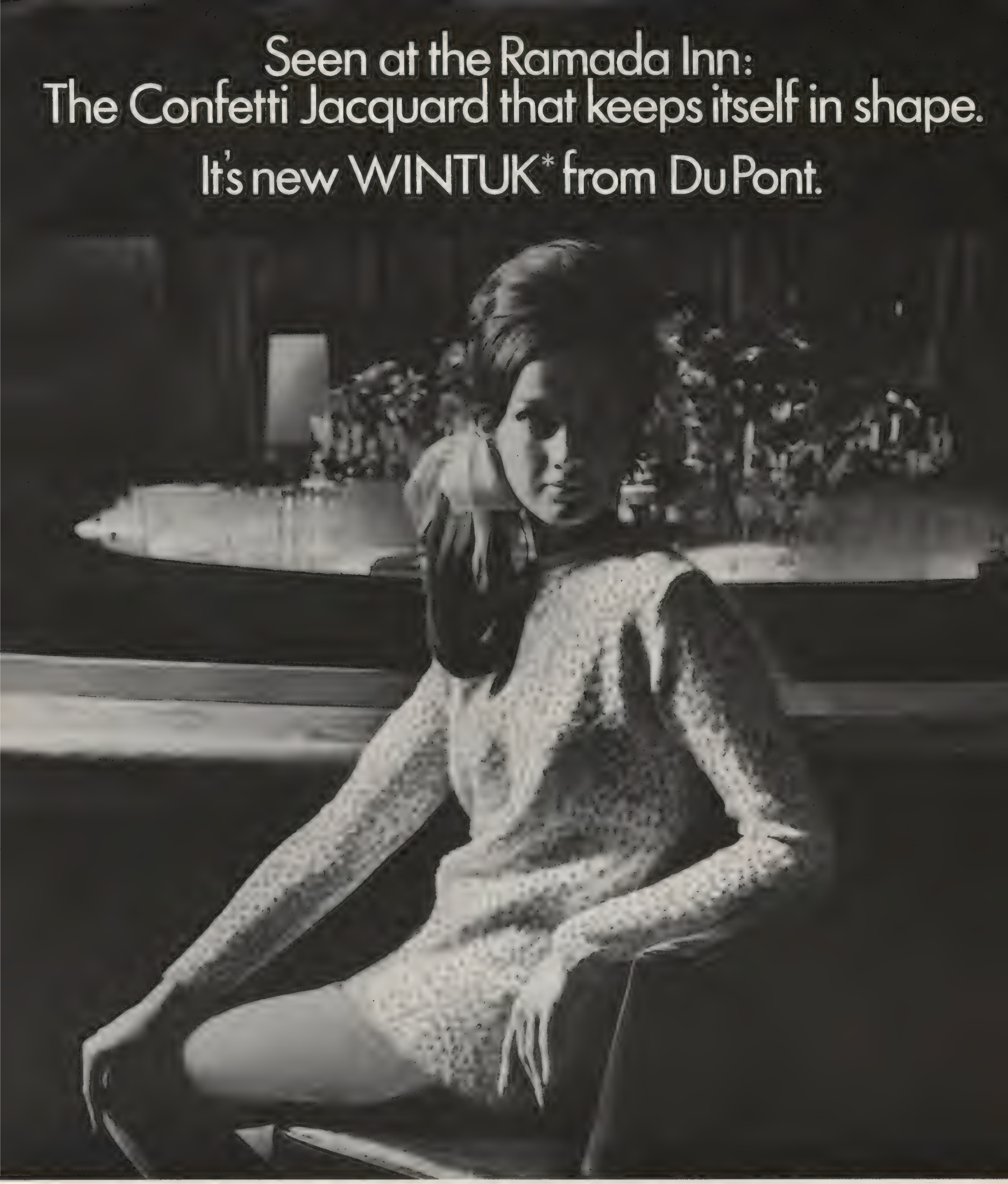
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dress by EDIE GLADSTONE for DEEBS

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Seen at the Ramada Inn:
The Confetti Jacquard that keeps itself in shape.
It's new WINTUK* from Du Pont.



JANTZEN's "Moon Spots" knitling, a delectable affluence in "Wintuk" yarn of Orlon† acrylic—the springy, sumptuous fiber that's enough to keep any sweater in shape. Vacationing decoratively here, at a Ramada Inn, in Christmas rose confetti-dotted with fizz white; orange fizz with apricot and white; limelight green with light green and white; or peacock blue with limelight and white. 34-40. $18. At fine stores everywhere.

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Seen at the Ramada Inn:
The Ubangi Sweater Dress that keeps itself in shape.
It's new WINTUK* from Du Pont.



ALBEROY's Ubangi-neckline mini-knit, skimming off with the resort news in "Wintuk", the luscious yarn of 100% Orlon† acrylic that never gets out of shape. Sun gazing here at Arizona's Ramada Inn in Scottsdale, it's briefly knitted in the thick 'n thin look. In patio white and a covey of pastels. S.M.L. About $28. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Joseph Magnin Co., Calif. and Nevada; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Burdine's, Miami.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 15

Dior hair: ready to wear

Loved at the recent Dior collection in Paris: the look you see below; a look taken out of the hunting field, fences in order. Tiny bowler hat set on a most wonderful, wearable coiffure which, as devised for Dior by Alexandre, works this way. Hair is pulled up to the middle of the back of the head. A fat roll is added. Folded to the top of the neckline and under, it makes a smooth round melon-shape of shine. A black moire ribbon comes out on top. Elected to succeed the George Washington (écoutez, Quai d'Orsay!), the new hair turnout obviously needs a friend in the way of a hairpiece. And so: guess what's ready to wear as we go to press? Via Fashion Tress, Inc., the U. S. wig and hairpiece people, Les Postiches Christian Dior are here. Of the special collection of seven Dior hairpieces, all made of real hair, "Cadogan" is the melon, is this prize. You could get awfully attached to it—it comes on a comb. . . . Something like $65 is the price at Bonwit Teller. . . .



Facial exercises on location

In a long wait the other day in an automated elevator that stopped to think it all over at the halfway mark between floors 18 and 19, we noted with interest a good looking woman take a small black instrument out of her handbag, put it up near ear, and click it on. Was she checking out the closing prices on her transistor radio? No. She was seizing the moment to exercise her face with a remarkable little electronic facial exerciser called Dynatone. An electronic genius named Joseph Radwan found the time to invent Dynatone between engineer consultations on such awe-inspiring matters as the Gemini capsules. Meant to gently exercise the "hidden beauty muscles" in the face and hopefully thereby improve mouth, jowl, cheek, and eye areas, this machine's superb achievement is its miniaturization, its nifty carriability. Smaller than most electric shavers and battery operated, it can fit facial exercising casually into the most interesting calendars. Macy's is big on it. . . .

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"One jogger headed north on Interstate 5 from Eugene, Oregon, turned east at Portland, made two trips around Mt. Hood, then hurled himself eastward. At publication time, more fit than ever, he reported, 'I'm ten miles east of Dubuque.'" That's one way to jog into shape, possibly right in your own boudoir, sticking pins for progress in a map as you jog along. Stand up straight, keep head up, tuck in buttocks, don't watch feet, and jog. This advice from a definitive new paperback, *Jogging*, by heart specialist W. E. Harris, M.D., and track coach William Bowerman, whose good news is based on studies conducted at the University of Oregon. . . .



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VOGUE'S

A rosy round of pleasures at a dinner in Los Angeles



1



2

When Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Bloomingdale invited a group of old friends to dinner in Los Angeles for Governor and Mrs. Reagan, guests flew from San Francisco, New York, and London. Moving in a luminous glow from basket chandeliers massed with fuchsia and lit by votive candles, people wandered through library and drawing room out into a garden atrium for dinner at tables circling a sunken dance floor. The house spilled shades of pink: Carnations, geraniums, and



3



4

NOTEBOOK



5



6



7

fuchsias mimicked Porthault floral tablecloths. The band played everything from *A Man and a Woman;* and the beat went on long, long after dinner when Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Brisson's son Lance arrived to snatch sixteen-year-old Lisa Bloomingdale for some boogaloo. The mood was light. Lots of good friends glad to spend an evening together.

1. Dinner in lattice-covered atrium around the dance floor. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Bloomingdale; Mrs. Ronald Reagan and Governor Reagan; Mrs. Harcourt Amory, junior, of New York. 3. Mrs. Mark Miller and Mr. William Dozier. 4. Mrs. Paul Trousdale. 5. Mr. James Galanos and Mrs. Frederick Brisson. 6. Lady Carolyn Townshend, Mrs. William Dozier, and Mrs. Ray Stark. 7. Mrs. Armand Deutsch dancing with Mr. Frederick Brisson. 8. Mr. E. Herrick Low and Mrs. Lewis W. Douglas. 9. Mr. Richard Gully and Mrs. Vincente Minnelli.

8





9



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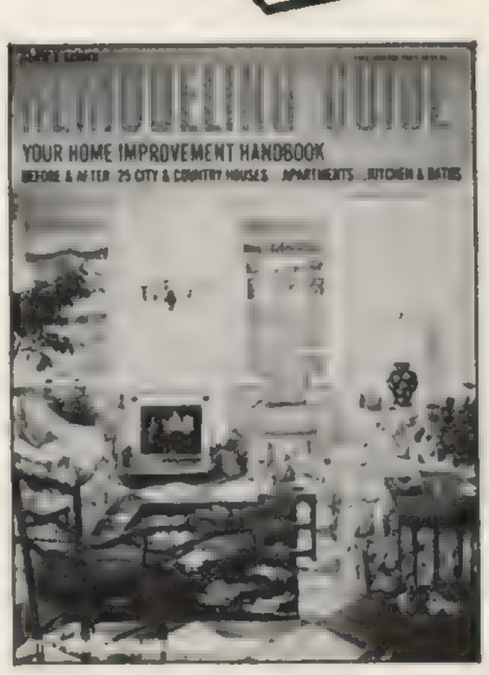
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

The Day the Fish Came Out, "*pitfall of good intentions*"

The Day the Fish Came Out is an interesting example of the real pitfall of good intentions. They are almost always too apparent. Morally, politically, there is much to sympathize with in Michael Cacoyannis's latest film. The scene is "the world of the day after tomorrow"; the problem, yesterday's Spanish nightmare of the hydrogen bombs lost at Palomares; the grim resolve, that such a thing will never happen again, or at least—as a nicely ironic, castanet-clicking recitative announces at the beginning—"not in Spain." Instead, *these* bombs are jettisoned by a pair of aviators on a rocky little Greek island. And, repeating past hypocrisies, the military authorities never do come clean about the matter but ridiculously pose as a band of tourists in their furtive search for the lost weapons. Needless to say, the fake tourists attract real ones, and before long the bleak little island has overpopulatedly and frenziedly devoted itself to Mammon.

Unfortunately (also artistically), this is just about where the good news ends. The castanets have hardly stopped clicking before Michael Cacoyannis's myth-making tendencies begin to pound away like a sledge hammer, coming down so hard on the same points that any real hope for satire is soon reduced to rubble. The castaway aviators (played with surprising heavy-handedness by Tom Courtenay and Colin Blakely) are repeatedly shown half-naked, scrabbling and hunched among the rocks, an all too obvious pair of cavemen, or when they turn up eating green apples, a couple of Adams. Sam Wanamaker, the military chief, has only to waggle his finger and say, "It's not going to be another Palomares if we have to *buy* the damn place," to be indubitably and undeniably *American*. And when the hordes of tourists in their sexy futuristic costumes arrive on the scene (among them, the beautiful Candice Bergen, another casualty of the stylized direction and therefore stultified when she ought to expand), it doesn't require the last grinning African or heathen Chinee to make it plain that we're now dealing with *men of all nations*.

Quite obviously the shortcomings of *The Day the Fish Came Out* are Cacoyannis's own, though that a talented man should reveal so many so fast is rather astonishing: for example, his inability as scriptwriter to grasp the idiom (or maybe I'm the one who can't—does anybody know the word "spitzy"?) so that the dialogue sounds pretty weird except when it's in Greek; the naïve comic-strip colour of his settings; a directorial approach which veers between Greek neo-realism and some kind of 1920's expressionism; the Buck Rogers costumes—all of which combine to make Cacoyannis's vision of the future seem awfully old-fashioned. (He would probably say that to envision any future these days is to be old-fashioned.)

And yet, when all is said and done, I can't help feeling that what's really defeated Cacoyannis here is not himself but the nature of the beast he's tried to grapple with. Or rather, that having always to grapple, he can't let go. When he does, too rarely, the theme takes on an urgency and power of its own, as in the repeated scenes of a goatherd and his wife greedily torturing themselves to open the doomsday box they've stumbled upon, or a last piece of synchronized frenzy when everyone dances on shore as dead fish wash up in a radioactive sea and a loudspeaker blurts "Attention please . . . attention please. . . ." Except that what's truly terrible about such a possibility is that it's real.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

The Other Side,

"*euphoric and frightful*"

The Other Side, a fantasy by the Austrian painter Alfred Kubin, who was born in the 1870's and died in the late 1950's, has been translated into English for the first time by Denver Lindley and done so admirably. The publishers (Crown) propose that "this dream allegory . . . is a forerunner of Kafka's *The Trial* and *The Castle,*" and the claim can be supported in certain particulars. Kafka could, indeed, have read it—it appeared originally in 1909 and went through five subsequent editions—but if he did in fact *study* this interesting and fault-ridden fiasco, he perceived and adopted its minor merits and widely skirted the hyperbole that finally overwhelms the narrative, transforms the satire into euphoric and frightful obscenity, and renders the denouement a bore and an embarrassment. Kafka's genius lies in his control, in the reasonableness of the nightmare which is so persuasive a facsimile of reality; his inferno is the other side of the coin but coin of a recognized realm. Kubin, after a promising beginning, disappears into a thick sump, unintelligibly clamorous.

Under mysterious but acceptable circumstances, an artist and his wife residing in Munich are invited to go to live in a state in Central Asia known as the Dream Kingdom, established by the artist's schoolfellow Claus Patera. The landscape of the Dream Kingdom is reminiscent of Central Europe; the firmament, however, is always overcast; and the sun, the stars, and the moon never shine. All the houses are old and all are European, transported intact from their native grounds. Similarly, the populace is largely European, but its individuals have been recruited for their eccentricities: There are people of "exaggeratedly fine sensibilities . . . such as a love of collecting or of reading . . . and the thousand other forms assumed by refined neurasthenia. . . ." Under the eternally wan skies, emanating from the shadows beyond yawning gateways and from the effluvia of the swamp and from the interiors of shuttered houses and barred cellars, there is a perpetual, unnameable menace, a stirring of evil at once terrifying and enervating: The artist's wife, baffled like a creature in a maze, and undone by *Heimweh,* sickens and dies.

In time the curious but accustomed modus vivendi of the Dream Kingdom is disrupted by the arrival of a multimillionaire, Hercules Bell, from Philadelphia, whose largesse brings a burst of opulence to the Dream Kingdom. It is the rivalry between Bell, omnipresent and spendthrift and raucously genial, and Patera, inscrutable and invisible, that brings the state to unimaginable disintegration. There is an epidemic of somnolence which, however, does not affect the animals which vilely proliferate. Scene after scene of unspeakable violence and corruption is unfolded before the reader who at last is too surfeited to cringe; he can only turn away, so put upon that he has become indifferent, and say, "Lawk a mercy on me,/This is none of I!"

Appended to *The Other Side* is Kubin's autobiography, the turgid revelation of an immodest, self-indulgent dabbler in Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, a necrophile, a fascinated but basically inattentive student of auguries more concerned with foreboding than with meaning. Unquestionably the man was endowed with a potential, perhaps an impressive one, but the waywardness of his egocentricity and his susceptibility to the silliest fashions of his times prevented its realization.





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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By HENRY POPKIN

Two Plays in London:

The Man in the Glass Booth,

"glorying in his guilt"

In Robert Shaw's new play, a fantastically rich and extremely eccentric Jewish businessman in New York is kidnapped by Israeli agents and put on trial as a Nazi war criminal. I must tread carefully; the British reviewers disagreed as to whether it was cricket to reveal his real identity. It is safe to say this much: He consents to what happens and even helps to bring it about. Why? That is the play's real mystery.

I believe the ultimate purpose that Shaw (and his financier) had in mind was to show the world a real Nazi criminal, glorying in his guilt and not weakly explaining that he had to follow orders. But Shaw tries desperately—and successfully—to distract us from this estimable intention. He has made this character a vehicle, or even an excuse, for every kind of sardonic wisecrack, and so this man seems by turns to be hostile to America, Germany, Israel, the Jews, the Nazis, and South Africa. (In fact, only when he mentions apartheid did I detect the unmistakable tone of genuine hostility.)

His actions are as self-contradictory as his words: He slaps a sycophantic employee but tells the same young man he is leaving him his estate. Does he mean anything that he says or does? I find the key in something he says to an interrogator: "I always had a sense of humour." This is a big and rather empty joke, a theatrical event, a masquerade—and a fat part for Donald Pleasence, who shines in an otherwise low-keyed production directed by Harold Pinter. Shaw's intention is identical with his financier's: He is putting on a show.

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg,

"surprisingly entertaining"

Imagine a successful, very funny comedy about a child who is not merely retarded but can not walk, talk, think, or dress herself, who is, in fact, as one of the characters observes, "a wegetable." *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* could have been written on a bet to prove that legitimate laughs can be drawn from this grisly subject; and, if it was, playwright Peter Nichols won his bet.

The comic approach is not only an ingredient of this play; it is, in some measure, the point of the play. A young couple has a child who is beyond the help of any medical or psychiatric aid. The only way for them to create a bearable life for themselves is to make jokes; and so the husband, a vaudevillian at heart, leads the wife in a number of hilarious routines, directed at us and accompanied by music, "taking off" the stuffy, officious people who have awkwardly stumbled over their problem—a general practitioner, a medical specialist, and a minister. It is the specialist who tells them that the child is a "wegetable," but the wife conscientiously insists upon a fuller explanation. Cheerfully, the specialist gives her an enthusiastic but unintelligible account in his own peculiar jargon. She complains that she can not understand. He blithely and unfeelingly retorts: "Dot's vhy I called it a wegetable."

Peter Nichols has found a surprisingly entertaining way of telling us that, in certain circumstances, sick jokes may be the only healthy means of surviving and publicly disapproved attitudes may be the only possible ones. An uninhibited comic named Joe Melia heads an excellent little cast.

The Grape Peelers

(Continued from page 39)

sir. It does lack something." He dived into the water and came up with the speared fish whose presence in the bouillabaise had been obviously lacking.

Pablo Casals and Erich Leinsdorf believe boiled beef a prized dish. Leinsdorf, in fact, schedules his RCA-Victor conferences in New York only on Thursdays at the Colony—because that's the day when boiled beef is the specialty. Casals, however, prefers the boiled beef at New York's Hotel Adams.

Whenever Jan Peerce tours the Iron Curtain countries, his luggage always weighs half as much at the end of his trip as it did at the beginning. That's because Peerce's bags contain enough cans of kosher food to last for the entire journey.

The extreme in simplicity in kosher food items was reported by Woody Allen's father who, during a brief trip, was so apprehensive about touching other food that he ate nothing except Jewish rye bread. Woody says his father showed no ill effects, "but he did come down with an awful attack of union-label poisoning."

Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, the White House aide to both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, looked at the Jewish rye bread, whitefish, and lox on display at the Barney Greengrass shop in New York as an invitational smörgåsbord. Rosenman sampled so many of the items that a novel arrangement of payment for the delicacies was agreed upon: Judge Rosenman would step onto the scale as soon as he arrived, then be weighed again before leaving—and pay for the extra poundage.

Harold Arlen, the composer, also favours the Goodies from Greengrass. He keeps such a large supply of lox in his refrigerator that whenever the door is opened it looks like a roaring furnace. And he once summoned his friends to a Sunday lunch by saying he'd just taken delivery of a whitefish, "The Moby Dick of Whitefish."

During one of Arlen's songwriting sessions with Charles Strouse he said he had to stop on the way home to buy some sturgeon and lox. "Harold," said Strouse, "that's the difference between Cole Porter and you."

Gus Kahn, whose ASCAP rating soared to the top, decided he could be on a culinary par with Porter by employing a gifted chef. The food served at Kahn's house became famous. At one dinner, however, the soup proved disappointing. The songwriter summoned his chef and demanded an explanation.

"Mr. Kahn," said the chef to the man who'd written "Pretty Baby," "Carolina in the Morning," "My Buddy," "Ain't We Got Fun," "It Had To Be You," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," "Chloe," and "Charlie My Boy" —"Mr. Kahn, is *everything* you write a hit?"

Georges Oddoux, who was the chef at the Barberry Room in New York, insisted that *everything* he created be an unqualified hit. That's why he declined the Second Prize he'd won in the Société Culinaire competitions.

One of the judges in the competitions, a French baron, ordered an apple at New York's Twenty-One. That was all—just one apple. When the apple was brought to him, the Baron grimaced, dropped it, and complained: "When I order an apple, I don't mean an apple from an ice-box. I mean from a tree. . . ."

Two blocks east, at The Four Seasons, the kitchen staff was wrestling, successfully, with a challenge far more complex than producing a fresh apple: Lord Boyd, head of Guinness, had ordered a dinner in which every course was prepared with beer or stout. There was Irish Cheddar Soup with Harp Lager Beer, and Braised Beef cooked with stout.

An Irish Airlines stewardess among the guests revealed that most plane passengers, even the Irish ones, would have been reluctant to try Lord Boyd's Guinness dishes. Passengers, she said, choose steak, chicken, or fish. Only the most important ones

(Continued on page 73)

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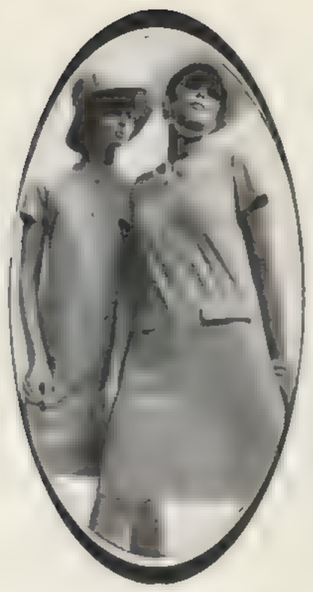
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The Grape Peelers

(Continued from page 71)

seem willing to experiment, out of curiosity.

On a flight to New York only one passenger tried Rum Bison —the former King Michael of Rumania.

Frank Loesser would have tried Rum Bison only if sour cream had been spread over it. To this songwriter gustatory magic is *anything* with sour cream. I once introduced him to scientists specializing in the search for proof of civilized life on other planets.

Loesser advised them: "Your first test should be if it has sour cream. No life can be deemed truly civilized unless it has sour cream."

What sour cream is to Frank Loesser, caviar is to Irving P. Lazar, a literary agent. Such is his craving for caviar that when he knows he's going to have some he wears his reading glasses.

One day in Madrid, Lazar took his client, Harry Kurnitz, to lunch. They were joined by Yul Brynner. The host ordered caviar for all. "No. Not for me," Brynner told the captain. He said that he had to eat simply: "Just some octopus, and then some chicken."

Kurnitz whispered to the captain: "Mr. Brynner must be *really* sick, ordering octopus and chicken. He usually orders shark and an eagle."

While the proprietor of famous Le Grand Véfour in Paris doesn't particularly encourage shark-and-eagle dinners, he's been known to view as wasteful anyone who orders commonplace dishes in his establishment. When a luncheon customer ordered ham and eggs, the owner told him: "It's cheaper elsewhere. Good day, sir."

Warner Le Roy who owns Maxwell's Plum in Manhattan became the Ideal Patron at Le Grand Véfour. He studied the menu, then ordered lobster, curried chicken, chocolate soufflé, and coffee. Mr. Le Roy finished it all and gave his accolade by telling the captain: "That was delicious. I'll have the same . . . again. . . ." And did.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

This autumn, have a look around



Look into a Lamborghini Marzal. Prince Rainier did, and offered $50,000 for this prototype . . . first seen here at the Los Angeles Foreign Car Show. Impossible not to look into, what with big glass doors from floor to roof that open upward, beautiful interior detailing. The body is by Bertone, seats four, and makes it up to 144 M.P.H. on six cylinders, five gears.

RASTELLI





ROSE

Look out to the street . . . in New York, London, Paris, Rome . . . to see men marching along in a whole new set of attitudes about coats. Top right, in Rome, the important new long coat that's slated to get bigger everywhere. This one, tweed, by Patrick de Barentzen. Centre left, Jean-François Jacotin in Paris has Cardin's suède coat with the great cut, great industrial zip closings. Bonwit Teller has it in New York at $375. François Catroux, left, in Paris, on an autumn stroll in Feruch's Nehru-collared tweed short coat. There's a similar one at Battaglia in New York for $175. In London and New York, capes are coming. The Earl of Lichfield's, far left, hip-length and black. Lewis Pell in New York, right, wears a heavy tan poplin rain cape. $125, at Capes for Men, 232 East 9th St., New York 10003.

JACK ROBINSON







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Germaine Monteil

OCTOBER 15, 1967

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

Fashion for the country of the heart...

VERUSCHKA PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE STEEP GILDED FIELDS OF THE TYROL

A country of pure blue skies, snow-touched mountains, sparkling air, and still, icy lakes banked by forests of spruce that filter the sunlight "like the windows of a Gothic church." In high pastures and robust little villages locked between towering peaks, the days are filled with the silvered sound of cow bells, church bells, the irresistible twirling repeat of Alpine music....
This is Veruschka's part of the world—the heart of the Tyrol, where she was photographed for this page and the twenty that follow.... Looking just as golden in another country, she appeared in a movie short, *Veruschka,* photographed by Franco Rubartelli and shown in Venice during the film festival...
will be seen soon in the pages of a Rubartelli book to be called—naturellement!—*Veruschka.*
Right: Veruschka's deep-country coat of natural South American zorino, by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport. At Lord & Taylor; Blum's, Chicago; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



IN THE COUNTRY OF THE HEART—
CIRCLING BLACK LODEN CLOTH
flung out in one great round, above, from a wide cape collar latched with a silvery chain...pure cloth of the Tyrol, timeless as the deep-scented fields and the winding lanes that meander from wooded heights down to tiny clusters of towns. Cape by Ginala; P. & F. Schwarz Loden cloth. About $185. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; I. Magnin. Domani shoes.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE HEART
mingling, right, with the wild mountain flowers that brim forth on a Tyrol-black hat—a new perfume, a great one for every woman in the world: Lenthéric 12. Its fragrance is portrayed in pen and ink on page 162. The hat, fresh with Tyrol flowers, both pages, is by Archie Eason. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Bullock's-Wilshire. Peasant blouse crisp with lace ruffles by Gregory in Soptra cotton.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





BRIGHT PEASANTRIES—IN THE COUNTRY OF THE HEART

The aproned dirndl of the Tyrol, far left, lingering in the chill blue air beside a trance-still mountain lake . . . and bright with quilted vermilion velvet, azure ribbon, white lace—the peasant apron spic-and-spans a gold lamé dinner skirt. Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture; Cone cotton velveteen. To order at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
Hanes stockings.
Capezio slippers.
Woodcutter's lederhosen, left, clamber a cut or two above the knee—with brass-ringed braces, violet crêpe reaching out in an Alpine sleeve, scarlet knee socks and buckled shoes . . . Tyrolean brilliance as lighthearted as a ripple across the icy waters of a pine-guarded silver lake. Lederhosen by Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus. About $75. Abercrombie & Fitch. Malbé shirt, in Avisco acetate and rayon crêpe (Bloomsburg fabric). About $18.
At Altman's.
Both, also Rich's; H. & S. Pogue; Sakowitz
Lady Exeter knee socks.
Domani shoes.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



DEEP-LINED COATS— IN THE WIND-TILTED FIELDS OF THE TYROL

Three-quarter-length poplin coat, left, banking thick drifts of orange...high in the wild, scented fields above Innsbruck where small Tyrolers are hard at play picking the Alpine flowers. Fly-front raglan coat by Weatherbee, of Dacron and cotton with Zepel finish (Greenwood fabric), lined in Acrilan pile (Borg fabric). About $45. Peck & Peck; Neiman Marcus; Bullock's Westwood; Frederick & Nelson. Lady Exeter knee socks. Mid-calf golden suède coat, right, brushing up against a deep flurry of raccoon fur and blown loose over more golden colour in Innsbruck's steep tousled fields—a cowl-necked wool jersey pullover, a suède dirndl skirt. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Altman's, Meadowbrook Shop; Halle Bros. Round-the-Clock knee socks. Men's hats at Saks Fifth Avenue.

GREAT NATURALS—IN THE TYROL'S FLOWERED UPLANDS

Cotton canvas short-coat, below, bound in red leather, held by a toggle, and turned back to show red-blue-white plaid—great country natural wading thigh-deep in flowers along the skyward Tyrol slopes. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. About $130. At Abercrombie & Fitch; Harzfeld's Man's Alpine hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves by Crescendo-Superb.

White wool fustanella, above right, bounced out from a great-sleeved tunic to an exuberant godet flare—and nestled with flowers and baby deer on Alpbach's mountainside. By Stavropoulos, in Anglo wool. Saks Fifth Avenue. Breastplate from Mr. Stavropoulos' collection.

Grey wool jersey culotte dress, right, cowl-necked and cut for Alpine climbing—or for deep-country living anywhere. Wool mark dress by Tanner of North Carolina, in Stevens fabric. About $55. Abercrombie & Fitch; Julius Garfinckel. Adolfo streamered hat. Ruza Creations belt. Round-the-Clock knee socks.

Camel-and-beige wool gabardine jumpsuit, below right, jacketed in flap-pocket camel and riding high on a hayrick—the way leads between dark carved wood houses in Alpbach's centuries-old streets. Turnout by Ginala. About $185. Henri Bendel; Marshall Field. Man's hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI







PATCH-POCKET EASE—
IN THE HIGH
TIMBERED REACHES
OF THE TYROL

Camel's-hair patch pockets, far left, balancing two abreast on a silvery-buttoned shirt, again on a welt-seamed skirt, and flapped every time . . . soft warmth, soft colour benched with a festive Tyroler against the dark hand-hewn beams of his Alpine hillside house. Shirt by Hadley. About $35. Skirt by Sloat. About $55. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros. Man's Alpine hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Knee socks by Van Raalte. Grey flannel saddlebag pockets, left, skirting out on a great shirttail jacket bound in tobacco leather over a leather-hemmed skirt . . . sporting ease in the trout-filled mountain waters of the Tyrol's Inn river. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills; Chantal wool. About $235. Abercrombie & Fitch; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's. Mr. John hat. Golo shoes.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

UP-COUNTRY CUTS—IN THE HEART OF THE TYROL'S SUN-GREENERY

Throatband white challis shirt, left, leaning against a wooden mountain bridge near Alpbach—and brass-buttoned two by two. By Melba Hobson for Tannerway, of Orlon and rayon (Earl-Loom fabric). $25. Lord & Taylor. Lady Exeter knee socks. Golo shoes.

Tattersall tie-shirt, above right, on the mountainside among Alpine fern and bracken—the four-in-hand knots snugly under sharp collar points. By Ship 'n Shore, in Dacron and cotton. $6. Macy's. With both shirts: Hadley's ivory cashmere cardigan; Sloat camel's-hair skirt. Men's hats: Saks Fifth Avenue.

Grey wool gabardine jumpsuit, centre right, jacketed in white wool fleece for a trek with a young mastiff through Igls's sun-splintered woods—two rows of silvery buttons fall in line with those beneath. By Ginala; Worumbo fleece. $185. Henri Bendel.

Tweed tunic dress, below right, in the apple-strewn green of an orchard—beige aproning out over giant rust-and-beige Glen plaid. By Rudi Gernreich. $215. Bonwit Teller.

Grey wool gabardine turnout, far right: one romantic remove from an eighteenth-century youth's *sans culottes* . . . and several steps nearer to the silent sunlit depths of Igls's tall pine woods. Wool mark suit by Ginala; Rochambeau fabric. About $185. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Gregory shirt. Both pages: Adolfo streamered hat.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





SPIFFY-DAY LOOKS—ALONG THE TYROL'S JOYOUS SUN-WAYS

Hooded russet poplin trench coat, above, piling up deep Alpland warmth. White Stag, in Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric), pile lining. About $50. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. Russet plaid tweed blazer, russet tweed skirt, below, beside a rocky gorge. Dominic for Matty Talmack, in wool. White wool jersey pull. November 1, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Schiaparelli watch. Here and above: Grandoe gloves; Lady Exeter knee socks: man's hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Throatbanded pants suit in Loden-green tweed, right, skipping zip and slim . . . past an illuminated house in Amras. Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Chantal wool. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. Adolfo hat. This page: shoes by Golo. Wool gabardine dirndl suit, far right, silvered by Tyrol buttons over blue-and-white peasant cotton . . . at a rococo wayside chapel. Ginala; Rochambeau wool loomed in America, Soptra cotton. About $145. Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Rich's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Gregory shirt, in Soptra cotton. Adolfo hat, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Knee socks from Spain. Capezio shoes.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI







FOREST COLOURS— IN THE SOARING DARK WOODS OF THE TYROL

Pheasant panache, far left—gallant Tyrol flourish winging back from the broad cocked brim of a stitched wool hat, dark and romantic as the great pine woods of Igls just beyond. Hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; I. Magnin. Brown wool hunting cape double-faced in camel, left—a rich fling of forest colour warm with the noon sun of a dappled glade, deep in the Igls woods. Wool mark cape and matching turtleneck camel dress by Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, in Agnona wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Tyrol-blue Orlon and nylon knee socks by Lady Exeter. Domani shoes.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





ROMANTIC TRADITIONS—
DEEP COUNTRY LIVING IN
THE HEART OF THE TYROL

Demi-long white wool officer's coat, left, glinted by silvery Tyrol buttons and the sun-green traceries slanting down through Igls's berry-carpeted woods. Wool mark coat by Ginala. About $160. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Quilted grey wool flannel suit, above, snug and silvery as a Tyrol peasant's jacketed dirndl . . . waving the little green train on its way from Jenbach to Lake Achensee as it chugs through a *parrot*-stacked field of hay. By Ginori, lined in Soptra cotton. About $110. Henri Bendel; Hudson's; Harzfeld's. Adolfo hat, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Lady Exeter over-knee socks. Capezio shoes.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

LIGHT-HEARTED WAYS IN THE PURE FRESH COUNTRY OF THE HEART

Lighthearted way with pants, right: chill-pale cotton denim wrapped by a patch-pocket apron . . . and catching the bright sun's morning rays on a rocky Tyrolean hillside creviced with flower and fern. By Elizabeth Phelps. Apron, about $11; pants, about $22. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros. Lady Manhattan shirt: Dacron and cotton. About $11. Altman's: Halle Bros. Cashmere cardigan by Hadley. Man's hat. at Saks Fifth Avenue. Golo shoes. Lighthearted way with looks. far right: Veruschka in a mountain-locked Alpine meadow—thatch of tomboyish blond hair, sunny freckles, and a blue-clear gaze bright as that of the baby deer nestled in the arms of his new-found friend. The sun-freckles mingle some of Mary Quant's with Veruschka's own. The sun-blond wig and the coiffures on these twenty pages are by Alba of Alba and Francesca.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



JULIE CHRISTIE

IN A NEW STYLE THAT BARES HER BROW—
WITH THROATFUL COSSACK'S TUNIC

Her eyes are astonishing—intense lightning-blue, magnificent in her small, strong-boned face; her gaze is direct, compelling, enormously alive. . . Photographer Dick Avedon, impressed, enchanted, persuaded her to have her dark-blond hair swept back, her brow cleared of the drift of bangs, for these photographs. It wasn't easy—she has an automatic, almost continuous gesture of pushing the bangs up with one hand, and felt uncomfortable without them. But what emerged was what you see here: Julie Christie's astonishing beauty—bared, simplified, revealed. . . On screen, she is appearing (with bangs) in *Far from the Madding Crowd*—from Thomas Hardy's powerful doom-fraught novel about a young farm woman and her three suitors—to be released in October; next, in *Petulia*, a modern, kooky comedy. . . And on this page, she appears in a dress she described (in the famously husky, dark-honey voice) as "Super!"—a supple, softened version of a Cossack's tunic in black thin wool, elaborately braided and belted in gilt embroidered ribbon. By Donald Lucell for Henry Bendel of Racine and Jones, K.J.L. earrings. Saul' Amedio rings. Gold boots. *At right,* Miss Christie in a black stretch nylon leotard by Danskin. *On both pages,* the new slicked-black coiffure by Carole Waite of Beverly Hills.

AVEDON





NORELL

A PERFECT SMOKING COAT STROKED WITH WHITE SATIN... A LOVE-SCENE SHIRTDRESS, FOX-HEMMED

Mood clothes. And the mood is marvelous—great for romantic scenes in the lives of women who want to do their living looking superb.... The smoking coat, left, black wool crepe with the innocence of white satin wrapped at the neck and waist, edging the slit pockets, scalloping the cuffs. Bonwit Teller. Nan Duskin; Richard Dayton's; I. Magnin. Shirtdress, right, for an unforgettable entrance—a perfect white silk shirt, an enormous dirndl skirt of black velvet hemmed in black fox. With one of Norell's wonderful draped belts—pink silk, with a diamanté buckle. At Evelyn Byrne's; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. All Norell pages: Schreiner earrings, coiffures by Ara Gallant.





NORELL

BROCADE EVENING COAT SQUARED OFF IN MINK... BLACK DAY COAT, HIGH BELT, LOW POCKETS

From Russia — with sweetness — Norell's idea for a marvelous evening coat of softly glowing brocade, left. Shades of brown wool woven with silver and gold, shaped to the waist with a high belt, a somewhat blown-out skirt, and banded all around with dark mink. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. The greatest black coat, right — wool, narrow, double-breasted, sensational. Little rolled collar, the high belt buttoned on at the sides, big low pockets, a back seam starts from narrow shoulders to a little width at the hem. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.



MINK—

ALL

THE

PALEST



In white, buff, dove, ivory...and a sudden play of patterns

The pale prophetic shadings that pervade fashion now—here in minks with the clear pearly dazzle of Regency silks and satins, focusing a glow on the face...and the spirit...and the season.

Zigzag stripes, left, a fresh young mink idea—contemporary, spectacular. White and pale-brown mink with a narrow shape, hidden buttons, a separate mink scarf muffling the throat. An Emeric Partos design, of Emba Palomino natural pale-brown mink, and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Marvella earrings. Pink mink, centre, the heavenly new fur like the blush of dawn on fresh snow—a coat with plump little collar, shirt cuffs, white leather belt through mink belt-rings. By J. Weinig, of Glacial Emba natural pale-rose mink. At Altman's; Nan Duskin; Blum's, Chicago. Hattie Carnegie earrings, at Altman's. Pale mink in two widths, right, worked in alternate layers for a marvellous light-and-shadow look. Notched collar, leather belt. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter, of Breath of Spring variety "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink. At N. H. Rosenthal; Engelson's, Minneapolis; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings, at Altman's. All pale-mink pages: Evins boots, to order at I. Miller. Coiffures: Ara Gallant; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.



AVEDON

MINK—

ALL

THE

PALEST



Plaid—more tonalities for your mink, left, the youngest enchantment now in white and misty mink; double-breasted with grey suède buttons and belt, white collar and cuffs. By Reiss & Fabrizio, of "Jasmine," Emba white mink, and "Morning Light," Emba natural pale-blue-beige mink. Earrings by Marvella. Pale pearly mink, centre, to give radiance to skin. Faint shading through each pelt—an ingénue coat with small collar, cuffs, narrow belt. By Christie Bros., of Breath of Spring variety "Azurene," Emba natural blue-grey mink. At Gus Mayer; Neusteters; Frost Bros. K.J.L. earrings. Mink in chains, right, a coatdress in pale mink with a great golden chain down the front over a hidden zipper. Made to order at Maximilian, of Breath of Spring variety "Rovalia," Emba natural pale-rose mink. Napier earrings.



AVEDON



PENN

A BLAZE OF EMERALDS RIMMED IN WHITE MINK

Givenchy's gala fantasy—magnificent bird's-egg-sized emeralds; scalloped white mink earrings; the emeralds from Harry Winston. More scalloped white mink around the neckline of a long turquoise crêpe evening dress. . . . All, part of a marvellous collection of Givenchy clothes and Winston jewels to be brought from Paris and shown on October thirtieth at a ball—known simply as The Ball—to celebrate the 155th anniversary of the New York City Mission Society. The clothes Givenchy is bringing are delicious, hand-picked plums from his collection, plus a special group of evening dresses he designed around the Winston jewels. . . . For the party—of which Mrs. John Hay Whitney and Mrs. Cliff Robertson (Dina Merrill) are the Co-Chairmen—the Plaza ballroom will be a cool shimmer of silver tablecloths, mirrored panels, candlelight, and "unarranged" country flowers. It's safe to predict that the fragrances of Givenchy's Le De and L'Interdit will be in the air; little flacons of these are to be given as favours.

INDIAN JEWELS AGAINST SUN-BRONZE SKIN

The splendour of an Indian maharani's jewels for great evenings this season . . . smoulder of rubies, barbaric glow of emeralds, fire of diamonds . . . all, in settings of gold. Necklace, a princely cascade of large emerald beads, pavé diamonds; magnificent bracelets—two of rubies and diamonds, one of multicoloured jewels; long earrings like an Indian dancer's, of pear-shaped and pavé diamonds; three more strands of the same jewels worn around the head, like a tiara—these, a blaze of ruby and emerald beads, cabochon rubies, diamonds. All, by Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . Enhancing their fire: the warm, clear gold-bronze of the wearer's skin lighted by a new, year-round kind of sunniness called Go-Bronze, by Estée Lauder—a light, transparent gel that slides over skin like sunlight. Kenneth coiffure.

DAVID BAILEY





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The altered adjective "brainwashed" which now seems to mean "wrong, but it's somebody else's fault." . . . The combination of lyricism, fulminating observation, and blasting emotion in *Twenty Letters to a Friend* by Svetlana Alliluyeva who, when her father, Joseph Stalin, was dying of a stroke in 1953, watched the doctors using in desperation the old ways—applying leeches—and the new ways, taking cardiograms, and X rays. . . . The glare-light of public inquisitiveness on politicians and this thought about politicians by the British writer Henry Fairlie on members of the House of Commons: "Take away their ordinariness, and they will no longer be our defense against the extraordinary people who are always wanting to do extraordinary things to us."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The old-fashioned horror movie *Games* that wastes Simone Signoret but has fun with new-fangled props: The corpse is disguised not as an Egyptian mummy but as a George Segal sculpture. . . . "View from My Camera," the exhibition now at The Hallmark Gallery in New York of more than thirty years of photographs by Toni Frissell, a tall, long-legged woman with cashew-coloured hair, silvered blue eyes, and a low delicious voice, more rushy than reedy; her work, whether it concerns wars or pleasure places, great people or children, snatch moments or deliberately managed scenes, has a unique quality as if she had somehow regularly willed around her subjects a personal, clear, and romantic daylight.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The blithe young City Center Joffrey Ballet with, among its good new ballets, *Cello Concerto* with choreography by Gerald Arpino to a Vivaldi score and, as lead dancers, Jon Christofori, who has a marsupial leap, and Erika Goodman, who moves with the airy abandon of a dandelion gone to fluff. . . . The pharmacopoeia of drugs, written in Greek about 50 A.D. by Dioscorides, a Graeco-Roman army surgeon whose remarkable illustrated work is, in an 890 A.D. version produced in Constantinople, the finest scientific manuscript in New York's Pierpont Morgan Library, now celebrating the centennial of J. P. Morgan who bought for the collection not only the Dioscorides but a pride of illuminated manuscripts.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Randall Jarrell: 1914-1965*, edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor, and Robert Penn Warren who chose twenty-eight essays by poets, critics, friends, and Mrs. Jarrell to show revolving views of Jarrell—a fine poet, an often cruel reviewer, a responsive critic, a wit, a show-off professor exhibiting his erudition like a two-headed monster in formaldehyde, a disturber, a brilliant enthusiast, a despiser, a lover of Goethe, Mahler, Wagner, a revealer of Walt Whitman, a passionate admirer of sports cars, a man with moments too Winnie Pooh, a bearded, aware, enriching eccentric.

UNIQUE IN HISTORY, FARAH, EMPRESS OF IRAN The ravishing Empress Farah, *opposite*, will be the first Moslem queen in twenty-five hundred years of Persian monarchy actually to be crowned Empress. After the coronation of the Shah, who has ruled since 1941, she will kneel in front of the gold, jewel-blistered Peacock Throne to receive the crown from His Imperial Majesty in the splendour of Teheran's Golestan Palace on the Shah's birthday, October twenty-sixth. With the seven-year-old Crown Prince Reza, the Court Ministers, the Heads of Parliament, and guests in audience, His Majesty will buckle on the emerald-studded Royal belt and sword and crown himself with the Royal Pahlavi crown. Later he will place on the Empress's head her new crown, a magnificence of stones chosen from the Royal Iranian jewels. (The Empress wears her wedding tiara in this impressionistic, somewhat mysterious photograph.) Knowledgeable, young, and delicately beautiful, the Empress, who once studied architecture in Paris, is the regent designate for her son, a woman effective behind the scenes, especially in her work reforming some of the Iranian marriage laws. Wives are grateful to her for the abolition of the ability of a husband to divorce his wife by mail. Farah is, indeed, an Empress unique in history.

MICHAEL TEAGUE

TOM STOPPARD

THE STARTLING YOUNG AUTHOR OF THE PLAY "ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD"

BY KATHLEEN HALTON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This month on Broadway Tom Stoppard's play* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead *appears as the first production of Sir Laurence Olivier's distinguished National Theatre to jump from England to America. When the play opened, with damped success, in 1966 at the Edinburgh Festival, Kenneth Tynan, the National Theatre's literary manager, sought it out, and took it for the National.* Rosencrantz *became London's most cried-up hit: low key, funny, odd, almost surreal. Kenneth Tynan's wife, Kathleen Halton, young, bony, and beautiful, an English reviewer, reporter, and columnist, who runs a series of television interviews about films, has written here for Vogue on the young playwright who started the clamour.*

An internationally-minded friend described Tom Stoppard as part of the new Czech renaissance, but although he was born in Czechoslovakia, he left there at three, and was educated in England. His stepfather is in machine tools and his brother is an accountant. Stoppard said: "And I have this guilt thing about being a writer. What sort of a job is that? My wife says I have the mentality of a Kamikaze pilot—I'm almost incapable of starting until it's too late. When I worked on a newspaper, I had to produce two weekly columns, which meant that the copy boy had to carry sentence by sentence to the newsroom in order to meet my deadline."

Stoppard, who got his theatrical apprenticeship writing radio and television plays, began writing *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* four years ago as a pastiche farce ending in the England of King Lear. Rapidly changing form, it was presented in an early version by an Oxford University group in Edinburgh. At the same time, without much success, his novel *Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon* appeared. "The novel was thought to be surrealist which it's not: I'd produced the cogs and springs, but nobody would believe it was a clock."

Stoppard, now thirty, is a dialectician who, in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,* leapfrogs his way through the great moral questions in riddles and word games and undergraduate jokes. His protagonists are those two shadowy attendant lords from *Hamlet.* They have no memory of the past; no understanding of the present—except what is fed them in their scenes of *Hamlet;* and no idea where they are going. They skirt the action of the Danish court, waiting to be summoned, spinning coins, latching onto the first player —the only character who'll ever speak to them. Once, abortively, they assert their identity: They discover the letter authorizing their death and decide to deliver it in order to confirm, however briefly, that they exist.

The author of this dazzling piece of verbal play looks like one of those arrogant courtiers glancing malignantly from the wings of a Mantegna painting. He is tall, dark, handsome, laughs a lot, wears mod gear of his own design, and lives in a country bungalow with his wife (whom he met when they shared adjacent bed-sitters) and small son.

Although Stoppard leads an anti-social life, he likes shop-talk with actors and writers. He describes himself as a pessimist, unconvinced that anyone is in control: "Mine are very personal neuroses like my failure to understand the mechanics of society, how more and more people can be accumulating to make use of food or sewage pipes. I sweat and breathe with difficulty at such thoughts. I get very neurotic about all the electricity needed to keep a city lighted. In a way the New York blackout was comforting—it confirmed that the whole thing was human and fallible. I suppose I'm very backward-looking—practically Edwardian in that respect."

To him, words have the power to make things real and writing is a discipline. He has never heard of Marshall McLuhan, can't stand the idea of Andy Warhol's eight-hour movie about the Empire State Building in New York. He'd like to write a play about a group of exiles, waiting to return to a previous existence, a pocket of anachronism, antiquated and irrelevant. "I think this might dovetail into a thing I have about landing on the moon," he said. "You can't just land on the moon. It's much more than a location, it's a whole heritage of associations, poetic and religious. There are probably quite a few people around who'll go mad when the first man starts chumping around this symbol in size-ten boots."

LORD SNOWDON





GALANOS

ORIENT EXPRESSED... SPRIGGED IN BLACK SILK GLITTER...BROWN VELVET SCROLLED IN WHITE

From the Wow dynasty—the marvellous Galanos looks of covered dresses, belted close, with high collars in the mandarin manner. Black antique satin, left, with scatterings of square flowers petalled in rhinestones. High collar, long sleeves with cuffs, a wide black sash. Of Staron fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shoes: David Evins for Galanos. White poppies, trailing leaves, right, printed on shadowy brown velvet. A dress with a full smock shape, belted close. Of Bianchini fabric. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Both coiffures: Ara Gallant. Kislav Gloves.



BERT STERN

GALANOS

LITTLE LACEWORKS, BLACK WITH DOTS... RUFFLED BOUNCE, GILDED PLAID

Black polka dot organdy tuft, with two tiers of dots—a short little sweep that hangs from tiny rhinestone straps. Ruffles edge the bust and punch out by three feet, three back. Of Wieland's point d'esprit has. Bonnie Barry, Nan Duskin, Neiman-Marcus; J. Magnin. Silver and gold plaid, right, in a glittering wiry-over pointy black—a dress with cut-in shoulders, a body shape, waist and back opening panels. Adding to the bounce, ruffles that start under the arms, go around the hem, edging everything. Of Wieland lace crisscrossed with Lurex threads. Bonnie Barry; I. Magnin, Gilbert's; Ann Gallin, with Fashion Trees hairpieces. Stockings are sheer and prevailing pages: Peau Carol for Galanos.





VOGUE PATTERNS

SHIMMER-GLIMMER THE NIGHT

Shimmers of silver, glimmers of gold, and the blaze is really on—on crusty white lace flung out from dark banded mink in a galaxy of light and a deep side-fold. Vogue Pattern 7111. Whelan lace, of rayon, polyester, and nylon over organza. At Gimbels. Mink boa by Georges Kaplan. Earrings by Vendôme. Shimmer stockings by Hanes.

VOGUE PATTERN 7111



Shimmery silvery coatdress, an open blaze of matelassé parting as easily as a coat over a scarfed dress. Vogue Pattern 7099. Soptra acetate and viscose woven with Lurex threads. Lazarus; Bullock's, Westwood. Stanley Hagler earrings. Both coiffures are by Ara Gallant with Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. For back views, sizes, see page 168.

VOGUE PATTERN 7099

BERT STERN



FROM ITALY

SMASH OF WHITE

White winter in Italy, far left: Mila Schön's dashing white wool turnout in three parts—high-necked fencer's tunic, long shorts, circular swirl of cape. Nattier fabric. At Bonwit Teller. Barrilà boots. White crêpe, frosted crystal, left: Galitzine's Snow-Queen dress of white double crêpe that bares the shoulders, falls to a deeply-slashed hem; round collar embroidered in a cool sparkle of crystals. Nucci earrings. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina. On both pages: coiffures by Alba and Francesca of Rome.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

FROM ITALY SHIMMER AT NIGHT

Quick brown streak of sequins, right -Valentino's slithery charmer for late-day, its two pockets buttoned with gilt "V's"; its belt, a gilt chain. The V neckline turns turtle—there's a white crêpe turtleneck inside. Stockings by Fama. Long, racy lines, far right, in Mila Schön's wickedly beautiful black beaded dress—bare-shouldered, high-necked, darkly gleaming like the Autostrada on a rainy night (or, like the Ferrari it's leaning on here). At Bonwit Teller. On both pages, the shoes are by Silvia of Fiorentina; coiffures by Alba and Francesca of Rome.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DE ROSNAY
AND FRANCO RUBARTELLI



FROM ITALY

BEAUTIFUL BEASTS, WINTER WHITE

Jaguar in the streets, directly right: Forquet's magnificent jaguar poncho, ankle-length, belted, like the surcoat of a mediaeval knight—swinging over a little jump-suit of salt-and-pepper tweed. Fur from Dell'Arriccia. Boots by Barrilà.

Pheasant in the snow, centre right—feather-printed silk blouse and jacket-lining wing Valentino's easy suit of double-faced white Nattier wool. Contessa Collection at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also: Holt Renfrew of Canada. Earrings: Coppola & Toppo.

Clean clean white from Italy, below right, Valentino's perfect wool dress, raglan-sleeved, marked on the low belt with a gilt "V." Forneris fabric. Contessa Collection at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Nucci earrings.

Lady and tiger, far right—the tiger, in this case, a marvellous fake. Valentino's smashing turnout for evening—floor-length coat, flared trousers, of ersatz tiger; shimmering black beaded tunic. Printed fabric of Orlon and wool by Nattier. Barrilà boots. All coiffures: Alba and Francesca of Rome.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





FROM

PARIS

THE NEWEST SUIT, THE BEST LITTLE COAT ON THE BLOCK

From Courrèges: a zesty little coat, left, tailored to perfection in checked wool—beige on beige on beige. The subtlest curves shaping the narrow front and the half-belted back with its deep pleat designed for plenty of swing and action—for a blithe leggy girl who knows where she's going. Knee socks, limber little shoes—by Courrèges. Cardin's gay-as-a-lark suit, right, making news with its lively round jacket and the round-skirted dress that's worn with it. Bright violet tweed criss-crossed with magenta, hemmed with bands of magenta....And just about the spiffiest look you could wear right now. Suit of Lesur wool. Earrings by Pakula. Hanes tights. Coiffure by Carita.

PENN



FROM

SPAIN

GREAT TAILORING
WITH A FLAIR FOR
DEEP COUNTRY LIVING



DAVID BAILEY

From Pertegaz, the perfect country suit, far left: in brisk brown tweed, a side-buttoned hip-length jacket and past-the-knee skirt, pleated and fastened to the side like a kilt—smashing brisk-walk-in-fresh-air material. Gratacos fabric. I. Magnin. Pertegaz hat, gloves, boots. From Elio Berhanyer, the dashing country turnout, left: caramel on caramel on caramel wool—a marvellous swash of double-breasted, past-the-knee cape that goes over a little suit consisting of safari-pocketed jacket and mini-wrap...*that* goes over a one-piece, sleeveless short-pants suit in a lighter shade of caramel. At I. Magnin.

PERFECT

Can your teeth be perfected? Yes.
For life? Possibly.
Starting now? Even if you weren't born as recently as yesterday? Yes.

There is much that can be done, much that's being done, much that's spectacular. However you and your teeth are getting on right now, the relationship can probably be improved. Whether you're a fan of Bob Dylan or Cary Grant. Whether you grew all of your present teeth yourself or purchased some from the workshop. Certainly some one recent dental discovery, possibly some several recent dental developments, could enhance your situation moderately or remarkably—and not only your teeth but your face, not only your eating but your talking.

How we know is: we asked. Asked the star cast of specialists who head the various divisions of the country's newest and most dazzlingly equipped teaching centre for dentistry: the U.C.L.A. School of Dentistry. Determinedly grafted on the tall, handsome architecture of the Center for Health Sciences of the University of California at Los Angeles, the dental school shares not only elevators, patios, and certain laboratory facilities with the medical school, but also an electric exchange of ideas that course encouragingly toward the total health of man. Under the direction of Dean Reidar Sognnaes, the U.C.L.A. School of Dentistry will graduate its first class in 1968. The product will be the new breed of dentist—men (and a few women) who will all be able to perform in all fields of dentistry; in a sense will also be engineers, artists, psychologists, digestive experts, chemists, aestheticians. Practitioners of bio-dentistry—the new dentistry in which the biological aspects of tooth health and tooth handsomeness are basic to choice of procedure—the new all-things-to-all-problems dentists are, above all, preservationists. They mean to help you hang on to what you have. They intend to perfect your teeth functionally and cosmetically. And they'll have learned the procedure from dentists who already know that it can be done and precisely how to go about it. (They do it themselves every day in their clinics.) Voices answering to the questions that follow here are those of various individuals, all division heads. Such men as Dr. John Flocken (Restorative Dentistry); Dr. Cordell Riley (Maxillofacial); Dr. Norman Trieger (Oral Surgery; Chairman of Curriculum)—to name a few....

Miracle Dentistry—is it here and now? Depends on what you consider miraculous. How do you like the sounds of these? Artificial teeth held by neither bridges nor dentures. Success with tooth implants. The availability of a proven tooth strengthener (the fluorides are a monumental advance). Much less fake-looking looks for porcelain jackets. Progress towards a tooth-paste additive to block the deposits of tartar that are a major cause of bone-loss and inevitably lost teeth. Absolutely painless dentistry. The dental chair replaced by the dental chaise longue. A chew-up tablet to tell you whether you've brushed your teeth clean of food deposits. Far, far less excuse for tooth-loss, for dentures, for facial deformity, for facial collapse—and, for victims of accidents, victims of cancer, greatly improved prosthetic devices to make life worth living. New facts about how a toothbrush should and shouldn't be used; new revelations about what stains teeth—we've just learned that powdered coffee and powdered tea are powerful stain-producers. The prospect of the day when dental time and dental money move away from the endless mechanical round of caries-filling, and into the next phase: the perfection of occlusion and the cosmetic perfection of every mouth—we're already beginning to see this happen in regions where fluoridation has had a good head start. Even for people already over the hill, dependent on dentures, there's some news that may be a comfort—new silicone liners have been developed; new artistry invoked to keep dentures from looking as though they'd come off an assembly line; new understanding achieved about the rôle of body fluids in denture fit (if the wearer will please drink two glasses of water at four o'clock every afternoon, he'll find his dental plates in the grip of better grip)....

How does a knowledgeable dentist practise tooth-saving? Oddly enough, the same measures that make teeth look well tend also to make them work well—and work well longer. For example, you might elect to have your teeth capped for cosmetic reasons. But a good restorative dentist—technical name: prosthodontist—often uses tooth-capping as a way to splint and strengthen the teeth, a stabilizing strategy that's frequently a phase of the treatment against progressive bone loss. Same thing is true of correction of occlusion, the "bite." We don't have to tell you that good meshing of teeth is attractive; is aesthetically important to the contours of the face. But good occlusion is also vital to maintenance of teeth and the bone in which they sit—when teeth aren't meshing properly, bone begins to melt away. Correction of bite can be arranged dentally at any age. So again, what's good for looks is good for health.

Why is it so important to hang on to teeth? As soon as a tooth is lost, the teeth on either side begin to collapse, move into the space, no longer mesh like good gears. Then you start getting periodontal breakdown, you get root caries, your bite begins to collapse. When that happens, you start to see folds in your face at either side of your mouth. Your chin actually comes closer to your nose and you're on your way to what you'd be the first to describe as an old look. This is technically called loss of vertical: loss of the vertical dimension of the face. With age, you measure less from base of the nose to point of chin. ***Then does this mean a good job of restorative dentistry might be an alternative to surgical face-lift?*** It might postpone a face-lift; might make a face-lift altogether unnecessary. We work closely with the plastic surgeons—but we sometimes disagree. Many restorative dentists would like to see what could be accomplished with dentistry

BY CAROL PHILLIPS

TEETH

How can you have them?

before a face-lift is undertaken. On the other hand, *any* time there's plastic surgery on the face, an inspection of the dental needs is necessary follow-up procedure.

Suppose it's too late to save a tooth—what measures are there when a tooth is past redemption? Dramatic measures. Any time you discuss the removal of teeth, discuss every aspect of replacement as well. The choices, the cost, the time. "Fixed prosthodontics" is the last barrier before dentures, and in the field of fixed prosthodontics, certain things that weren't supposed to work have been found to work. ***Such as?*** Gold dowels, or studs, to hold an artificial tooth in the mouth. There had been tremendous attempts in the last twenty years to nail a tooth this way, but unfortunately they boomeranged. It was found that you couldn't put a metal pin through the tissue and into the jaw and be successful, because bacterial infection followed. The metal implant in fact acted as a roadway for bacterial invasion, oral bacteria followed the opening into the bone and caused destruction. Well, now we have the secret. What we do is this: if a tooth crown is no good, we get rid of the crown and keep the root. We put our gold dowel into the root, rather than into the bone. Roots are tough, so we capitalize on them, and it works. Not only that, but by preserving the root, we help to preserve the bone itself. The alveolar bone that holds the teeth is a special type of bone. It develops *in response* to the formation of teeth. When teeth are lost, bone disappears. But if you keep the root and do what we call endodontic treatment, you help prevent the bone from disappearing. ***Why doesn't every dentist in the world use tooth pins?*** Because successful use is fairly recent. Because teaching institutions—ours and others—are privileged to devote the extra time and effort to do these things, develop these things. ***Any prize examples of success?*** We have one clinic patient here whose mouth couldn't tolerate dentures; she'd had severe tissue damage; bone-loss was great. We had to do something, had to give her some teeth, had to arrest the loss of bone. So we used sixteen roots, gave her sixteen pins, and on these pins fastened sixteen artificial teeth. Although this particular job was done only a year ago, there is no reason not to expect it to last a long, long time. There is no reason to anticipate problems because the roots were good, the treatment sound. And it was truly not experimental—what we did for her was simply an extension of work that's been going on for years. Another thing: teaching institutions traditionally can afford to explore a case like this. In a private office, the price might have been prohibitive for this patient because prices are computed partially on the dentist's time. and this treatment took a lot of time.

What about tooth implants? We're having some luck with these. Especially in the case of teen-agers whose wisdom teeth have not yet come in. If a teen-ager has lost a six-year molar, we can take the bud of the wisdom tooth and implant it in the molar channel and expect it to take. Impacted canine teeth also transplant beautifully—they've preserved themselves in their own little natural packets and are ready for you to work with. You build a new channel for them, and that's that. ***What about replanting a tooth lost in an accident?*** The important thing is to get the tooth re-installed before infection and resistance have been set up. If a mother finds a tooth in the bottom of a swimming pool, with luck—even forty-eight hours later—we can sometimes reinstate the tooth successfully. ***Do tooth implants succeed only with the young?*** No. One patient who happens to work here at U.C.L.A. was fifty-three years old when an impacted canine was replanted. The procedure involved immobilization: her tooth was braced for a period of six weeks, just as a broken arm or leg would be. This was eleven years ago, and the tooth is still going strong. Although a successful tooth-transplant usually has to be a homo-transplantation—a tooth that's come from the patient's own mouth—we've recently been subjecting spare natural teeth to cobalt irradiation, and find these teeth show promise of working out well in person-to-person transplants. The day of the tooth bank is a day we expect to see.

When is it excusable to remove a tooth? When an infected tooth has a freak configuration that makes it not suitable for root canal work. Or when bone-loss is so great there's nothing for the tooth to hang onto, and nothing nearby to which we can affix a splint and thereby build support. Or when there are just too many teeth for the size of the jaw and something has to give. In this case, it's often the bicuspids that have to go. ***Are there any disadvantages to tooth-removal in the interests of getting teeth into better line?*** We'd rather not remove a tooth under any circumstance. Removal of bicuspids can account for the curiously flat look you sometimes see in girls' faces. But this is generally preferable to the earlier orthodontic procedure in which no teeth were removed, the patient spent five years or more in orthodontic bands, and even then may have enjoyed only temporary improvement, with the crowded jaw regaining its crowdedness after a few years. ***Who decides?*** You see an overlap today in the specialties, and it's a healthy thing. For instance, when a jaw is clearly crowded and is obviously going to stay that way, the progressive general practitioner of dentistry—the man generally responsible for the whole life of his patients' teeth—may elect to remove the bicuspids and then wait to see whether this will put things in line. And the fact is, it often does; it often does the trick, with no formal orthodontia. The process is called "interceptive orthodontia." In the interest of making the general practitioner a man of all fields, we teach this as a part of our curriculum.

Do orthodontic bands still scar teeth as they once did? You see less of this, for several reasons. The old sad story of etching went this way: when a band became un-cemented, food particles would sneak into loose places out of reach of the toothbrush. In turn, the particles would be converted to acids that etch enamel. The big change is that fluorides have made teeth much more resistant to acid (Continued on page 163)



THE PRIVATE LIVES OF SEVERAL BEAUTIES

Privacy: How they get it. how they employ it

Ask a beautiful woman about privacy, when she has it, how she uses it. "*Privacy?*" she may exclaim. "Who has any?" Especially if she is a woman whose vitality and curiosity and generosity propel her into taking on extra chores in the world, a woman thoroughly involved, engagée. Privacy becomes a matter of terminology. For one, the hour alone with one's family. For another, the moment alone with oneself. Indeed, an attractive woman's mobilization of her attractions requires a certain amount of privacy. Whatever the definition, nobody answers "Who needs it?" Take **Mrs. Wyatt Cooper,** mother of four and many-faceted (she paints as Gloria Vanderbilt—her work will be on exhibit at the Hammer Galleries next spring). Her definition of private luxury: "The moment in my studio after I've been painting when I make myself a cup of tea, sit back, eat a water biscuit, and look over the day's work. Or wake in a dawn of summer with children still asleep and become part of the rose garden and birds awakening. The long soak in a jasmine-scented tub with a Joan Baez record heard softly from somewhere. Luxuries, but only because elsewhere the shared experiences of living wait. It is the secret moments that give us the talent to assimilate. It is in these moments that we grow." . . . Take the dashing **Mrs. Peter Larkin,** blond Bostonian turned Texas rancher. "One needs privacy as one needs food, air, sleep, good company. I call it P.T., Precious Time. You get it in the pool, in the bath, driving the car, riding the range, or having a cheerfully silent breakfast with your husband. You get it especially in distant places, where you can sort out situations and events better and put them in proper perspective. You get it especially if you and your children realize that you can not be always available to each other, every waking hour of the day. There has to be a separation point for each of you to call up the reinforcements. I try to use that time seeking solutions. When I see the past clearly, I see how my endeavours for the present can affect the future." . . . Take the enchanting **Mrs. Leland Hayward,** wife of the movie-theatre-TV producer and mother of Winston S. Churchill. Ideally, she feels, a woman should have forty minutes to an hour alone a day. The best time for that, chez Hayward, is somewhere between 5 and 7:30 P.M. "Then you try to get a half-hour bath and a small rest, if you have the courage to let other people take the phone messages for you. Privacy has changed. In the old days, the great beauties in Paris spent one day a week in bed. Who could do that now? Who *would* do that now?" . . . **Mrs. Wiley T. Buchanan, Junior,** one of the country's busiest hostesses in whose Newport and Washington houses weekend guests often number around sixteen, finds a special private joy in arranging the house's hundreds of flowers while the guests breakfast in their rooms in the morning. At that same quiet early hour she makes a chart of the evening's dinner décor, frequently several tables each with a different colour scheme—flowers, china, glass. For one real stint of private life in depth: "I insist on getting away to Maine Chance every January." . . . Young **Mrs. Thomas Cushing** climbs into a hot bubble bath as soon as she gets home from work at Oscar de La Renta's, then lies on bed entowelled to read a paper and take a cup of tea before the evening officially begins. . . . **Mrs. Russell Salant,** the former Serena Russell, climbs into an oiled bath, sometimes an olive-oiled bath. For a nap she pads her eyes with cotton soaked with rosewater and witch hazel. . . . **Mrs. William Rayner's** idea of the perfect relaxment is the massage delivered by the masseuse who delivers herself to one's house. Failing that, just to collapse and stretch out, feet up for forty-five minutes, read a little and think—and pay absolutely no attention to the telephone. . . . (Continued on page 135)

Countess Beatty:

9:30 A.M. at Chicheley

"It is almost impossible to remember her ever not smiling," a friend said of Lady Beatty, wife of the 2nd Earl Beatty. "She has the most enchanting smile in London." From a life that glows with cheerful busy-ness, things that keep one smiling, she takes time off here to smile on a cherished moment of privacy, cherished with her by the Beattys' small daughter, Lady Miranda Katherine. The scene is Lady Beatty's bedroom in Chicheley, a 1720 Georgian house in Buckinghamshire, a little over an hour north of London, where at 9:30 every morning India tea, toast, jam, and the newspaper arrive regularly with Lady Miranda Katherine. (Hair by Gavin of Leonard.)

HENRY CLARKE





THE PRIVATE LIVES OF SEVERAL BEAUTIES

(Continued from page 133) For sleek, brown-haired **Mrs. Gregory Peck** in California, some of the happiest privacy happens outdoors—not necessarily in the sun, just absorbing fresh air and light. "When I was a child, my mother stressed the curative qualities of light. I believe I actually feed on light." Telephones and work tables are installed on her terrace for reading, writing, and phone business. To avoid the beauty salon, she does her own hair and dries it outdoors if she can. She likes a full measure of the joys of each season, as much summer walking in the sand and salt-water swimming as possible, as much winter time as possible in the snow country. Indoors her private world is patterned by Porthault linens—a sarong wrap, bathroom towels and curtains and fabric-covered mirrors and brushes, sheets and pillowcases, all Porthault and all sprayed with the same piquant boudoir fragrance. . . . The beautifying private life of **Mrs. Bruno de Pagliai** in Acapulco takes place in a pink marble dressing room and bath with great glass-to-the-floor windows that frame a view of Acapulco Bay. Here there's one hour of yoga each morning, Merle Oberon de Pagliai dressed in the loosest, sheerest pink and lavender caftan. The dusky hair that flows to her waistline is brushed for 45 minutes, and this ancient Aztec formula is prepared: The juice of one lemon is squeezed into a freshly-cleaned pink and green mother-of-pearl abalone shell. Sealed tight overnight, it turns white and foamy. It dries on the face like a masque; "fantastic for blemish-removal and general skin invigoration," according to Mrs. de Pagliai. . . . In Honolulu, **Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny,** a beige-tanned blond beauty, enjoys the privacy of one of the world's great sailboats—and a house that consists of seven small "Tahitian" buildings, surrounded by water and connected by bridges. One little building holds rocks constantly steaming for the beauty life. . . . On the private bath world in Italy, note the bathroom *left,* and these recipes. . . . **Donna Ines Torlonia** dips into a freezing bath, stays there five minutes gradually adding hot water to bring the tub to body temperature. Before drying, she sponges with iced water. . . . **Contessa Alberica Attolico** adds camomile tea to a lukewarm bath before sleeping, listens to voiceless bossa nova records at very low volume while bathing. . . . **Marchesa Delia di Bagno,** for skin therapy, has installed an ozone conditioner in the bathroom on her yacht. On entering her bathroom, one has a delicious feeling "of St. Moritz and the mountains." . . . Channelled by **Lady Molly Berkeley** into a private steam bath in her villa: the natural volcanic vapours of the *isola verde* of Ischia.

Mrs. Eugene Paul Getty: 10 A.M. in Rome

In the remarkable bathroom of the charming Roman flat that attests to Mrs. Eugene Paul Getty's wit with interior decoration, Mrs. Getty demonstrates some of the private groundwork for her own exterior decoration. Born in Bali of Dutch parents, she has a beauty marked by exotic eyes, camellia skin, and a magnificent body. The latter knows this daily ritual in her ferned and paved bathroom. A brushing with a special body brush "to promote circulation, remove all the flakes and scales, give a wonderful sense of well-being." Then the bath—tub or shower: a matter determined by the time element. Then a quick application of body cream lotion to "replace the natural oils." That replacement is what Mrs. Getty is up to in this photograph.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

DAVID BAILEY

NANETTE

Super new singer in pow now knits

Can a girl from Jackson, Miss., be a hit in Montreal? Yes, yes—Nanette. A slip of a girl with a wow of a voice, dark red-fox eyes and hair, she started singing on stage at two, on television at eleven, did the Broadway hit bit in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, then upped the latitude and took Quebec by charm, snowing Canadians from petits boppers on up...tours, TV, LPs. She has a single out in the U.S. now, "The Look of Love," an LP due soon, to be called, most likely, *Nanette*. Here, she looks great in powie new knits. A knit in time, left: Nanette twice in a little white shirtdress belted high in chocolate suède, in a big-time watch. For Guy D by Bill Tice, of wool knitted in America. About $55. Old England watch. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; Best's Apparel. Richelieu earrings. Boots by Design Palmroth. Short-pants suit, above, turned out in beige wool knit with a giraffe-print belt looped low on the waist. By Belfa of Geneva. About $225. At I. Miller Galleria; Joseph Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Napier earrings. Beautiful Bryans tights at Bonwit Teller. Nina shoes, at Robert Leader. Old England watch, at Bloomingdale's.



NANETTE—
SPIFFY NEW KNITS

DAVID BAILEY



Arrow stripes, near left: Nanette points the way in red-green-black-and-white double-knitted wool. By Elle Couture. (We added belt.) About $36. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Bramson; Joseph Magnin. Schaffer belt. Tights, Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique. Nina shoes, at Robert Leader. The works, below left, in brown and white jersey—jacket, skirt, and a narrow striped dress. By Adri; Jasco wool knitted in America. About $215. Ruth de Sansegundo bracelet. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Marvella earrings. Design Palmroth boots: I. Miller Galleria. Knit smockling, above, pearl-grey with a band of rhinestones circling the throat. By Don Simonelli for S.T.J.; Lebanon wool knitted in America. About $50. Hattie Carnegie earrings. All: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop. Glittery stockings by Bewitching, at Lord & Taylor: Charles Jourdan shoes. Cable-knit T-dress, right: a tiny extended sweater in white knitted wool. By Cadillac. About $90. Old England watch. Tights, Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique. All: Altman's. Dress, also at Marshall Field; Bon Marche, Washington. Calderon belt: Lord & Taylor. Customcraft shoes.



NANETTE—
SPIFFY NEW KNITS

DAVID BAILEY



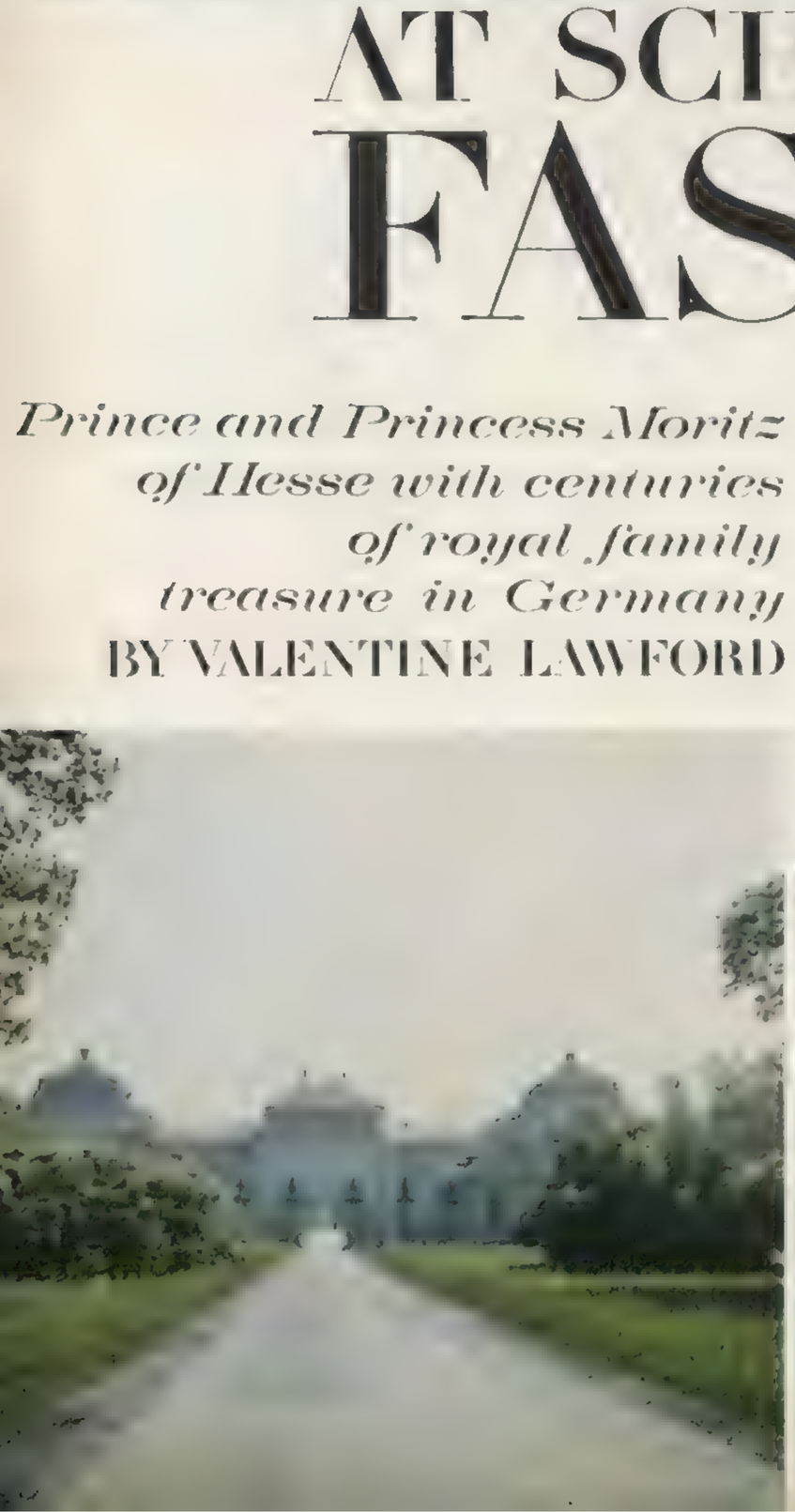
The prettiest knittiest skimmer, far left: Nanette wears navy blue with little knitted white ruffles at the edges. By Emery Knits, of Dacron and Tycora yarn. (We added the sash.) About $40. Junior sizes. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. Rings by Castlecliff, Accessocraft, Vendôme. Tights by Beautiful Bryans, at Bonwit Teller. Pompon-ed white shoes by Julianelli: Lord & Taylor. Lady's knight, above left: a green-sward-green jersey doublet with a cross-buttoned collar—belted snugly in black leather. A wool mark dress by Pat Sandler, of double-knit wool jersey. (We added the belt.) About $70. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Joseph Magnin. Belt by Calderon. Boots by Design Palmroth: I. Miller Galleria. A close little throatband, right, on a close little dress coloured pow pink, with mini-buttons across one shoulder, down one side. By Domani, of Dacron and wool. (We added the belt.) About $40. At Peck & Peck. Schaffer belt. Tights by Bewitching. All the coiffures on these six pages: Suga of Kenneth.

AT SCHLOSS FASANERIE

Prince and Princess Moritz of Hesse with centuries of royal family treasure in Germany

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Admirably set among wooded hills and rolling ploughland and pasture, approached by almost a mile of driveway bordered with high meadow grass, cushioned on wild flowers and framed in lilacs and lindens, Schloss Fasanerie near Fulda is outwardly not unlike many other baroque castles in the rustic heart of Germany. Low, eighteenth-century lodges flank the entrance: enchanting, one-storeyed dolls' houses that mimic in miniature the russet roofs and yellow-grey walls of the immense mansion they purport to guard. Busts of mildly absurd Roman legionaries, moustachioed and facing both ways, look outwards over the landscape and inwards onto a Volkswagen or two parked in the forecourt. The sound of a cuckoo clock striking the hours comes through the open window of an adjoining *Kavalierhaus*. An arch in the solidly noble façade leads to a silent inner court. Below the south front, a sweeping staircase descends into an "English Garden" with a "Chinese" pavilion. A path leads to a disused tea house, backed (Continued on page 158)



T.R.H. Prince and Princess Moritz of Hesse, above, *at Schloss Fasanerie,* left, *the Hesse family seat at Fulda. The Grand Staircase,* right, *a wonder of baroque by Gallasini with niched busts of Roman Emperors and a fantastic ceiling, painted by Emanuel Wohlhaupter, of "The Continents of the Earth."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST





THE GREAT HALLS OF FASANERIE

Schloss Fasanerie holds the magnificent sum of three centuries of collections by members of the House of Hesse, now assembled under one great roof by The Landgrave Philipp, whose son and daughter-in-law were photographed for these pages among its splendours. The Banquet Hall, left, *grandiose, baroque, its painted ceilings lit by brilliant chandeliers of Silesian crystal, has, over the marble chimneypiece, a portrait of Landgravine Marie, wife of Friedrich II of Hesse.* Right: *H.R.H. Princess Moritz of Hesse in the noble Hall of the Heron Hunt, designed especially by Landgrave Philipp for the sequence of superb eighteenth-century paintings by Tischbein, who painted Landgrave Friedrich II and his court flying the royal falcons.* Above: *The long sunlit Gallery, with Empire consoles and a trompe-l'oeil ceiling.*

HORST



THE FALCONS OF FASANERIE

Eighteenth-century portraits of two of the twenty-one Iceland falcons which Landgrave Friedrich II had painted with their jesses, leashes, bells, and hoods. Bells traced a long-winged falcon lost in flight. Leather hoods, plumed and embroidered in the colours of the House of Hesse, blindfolded the royal gerfalcons until they were flown at herons, which, once ringed, were released. These noble hawks were family pets, and many, such as Der Landgraf, opposite, *had their names and accomplishments recorded on their portraits.*

HORST







THE TREASURES OF FASANERIE

A blaze of memorabilia and family portraits in the royal apartments of Schloss Fasanerie reflects the lives and spirit of the Landgraves and Landgravines of Hesse. H.R.H. Princess Moritz of Hesse, right, *in the* China-Kabinett, *an enchanting eighteenth-century room panelled in Chinese paper painted, according to the calligraphy on the white flag, in the forty-third year of the reign of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung. The Philippsruhe Room,* above, *shows the pervasive influences of two Landgravines of Hesse: Princess Anna of Prussia, whose portrait by Winterhalter hangs above the chest, and Grand-Duchess Alexandra, who brought the armchairs from Russia in 1844 when she married Landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm.* Left: *Family portraits, porcelain figurines, and second-rococo gilt chairs in the Danish drawing room, a shimmer of crimson and gold.*

HORST


内大臣

This is a feast of silver.
An eye feast of marvellously
beautiful things—some new,
some antique, some rare,
some snaps to come by—all
alight with their mingled shine.
A reflectory table of silver.
The food here suggests that
with a little this and that
the splendour of this buffet
d'apparat *could become*
the service of a buffet dinner.
So it could.
Each object here works with the
versatility of a one-man band.
But if silver didn't do a thing
for its keep, it would be worth
its look. Silver should be
splurged to please the eye.
It is gathered here to demonstrate
its "look, look" look.
For information about the silver
and furniture here, *see page 165.*

A feast of Silver

DAVID MASSEY



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



1



"Penelope! get up from there this instant!

This is no time for napping when you're in Paris and there are all these boutiques. . . . Ahhh, you're just playing a game." Well, making the rounds of the Paris boutiques *is* like a game—of marvellous fantaisie, a playing out of a dream of sheer-heaven pleasure. . . . So up and away! See these snaps of adorable Penelope Tree bewitched and bewitching the Paris boutique scene. . . . (1) ***"The Tree," stretched out*** in a snip of a coat, peludos on top, marron glacé rabbit on the bottom, the waistline cinched in the middle with marron glacé leather. $760, Lanvin Boutique, 22 Faubourg St.-Honoré. . . . (2) ***Baa, baa, blue sheep***—Penelope all cuddled up in a cape of curly turquoise wool; $90 at Dorothée Bis's boutique, 33 rue de Sèvres. . . . (3) ***Whee! but the witch's feet are chic!*** Oh, to have shoes like these! Marron glacé patent leather sealed snug with buckles of brass. By Mancini, $50; Lanvin Boutique, 22 Faubourg St.-Honoré.

2

DE ROSNAY



3

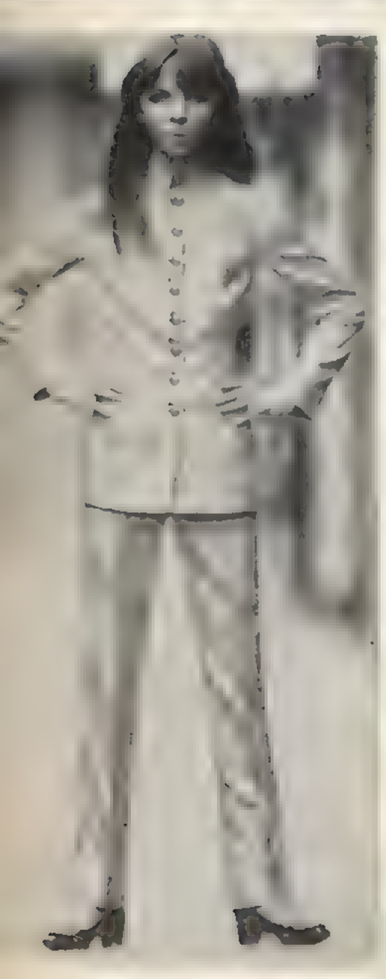


4

Penelope Tree playing her boutique rôles: As (4) ***The Black Cavalier*** in Yves Saint Laurent's velvet cape and knickers. $98. Rive Gauche Boutique, 21 rue de Tournon. As (5) ***The fountain fireworks,*** dripping with glisteny aquamarine, pink plastic shoots. The stalagmite headgear from Alexandre Boutique, 120 Faubourg St.-Honoré; the phosphorescent dress by Paco Rabanne, $560, 33 rue Bergère. As (6) ***"Big Mao,"*** the chairman's suit made in pink shantung, buttoned in brass. $300. Mayfair, 128 rue de la Pompe. As (7) ***"Moon Maid."*** in black-as-night jersey drifting away from coppery gold collar. $200. The Knack, 104 avenue Victor Hugo. As (8) ***"Bloomer Girl."*** pumped up in black wool bloomers, a pumpkin-and-black Tattersall tailleur jacket. $150. Torrente, 79 Faubourg St.-Honoré. As (9) ***A World War I rat-tat-tat.*** in snappy café leather jacket and boots, a sensible length tweed skirt, $146. The Knack, 104 avenue Victor Hugo. As (10) ***The clockwatcher.*** with the biggest pocket watch of them all. $60. Ram-Dam, 130 rue de la Pompe. (White-pocketed dress is from Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche boutique.) As (11) ***The Halloween kitten,*** in orange ostrich-ruffed black velvet. $131. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutique, 21 rue de Tournon. As (12) ***Miss Mixed Up***—which head is *really* mine? . . . So many to choose from at Carita's postiche boutique, 11 Faubourg St.-Honoré.



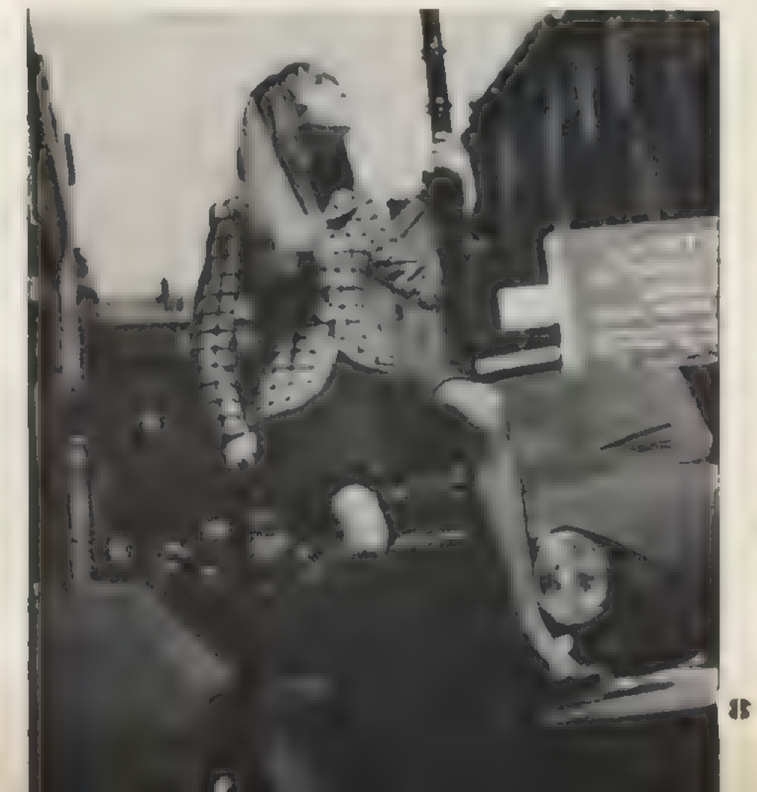
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6



7



8



9



10



11



12

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



Paris: Penelope previews Cardin's New York-bound boutique collection. Penelope Tree's traffic stopper—(right) a mantle of stop-light stripes—green, pink, white. A whiff of peachy pink silk (top row, left) wraps around Penelope and ends up in a whoof of pinky ostrich. A cinnamon-stick of a slip (top row right), is punched with absinthe and amber pailletted square cutouts. Hmmmm! is Penelope brave, padded right down in her Louis Seize right in the middle of the Place de la Concorde (bottom row left). Her raspberry wool Cardin suit has metal too, around the neck and sleeves. Then there's the back-dipping-hem triangle (bottom row centre) of purple passion silk. And another of Penelope's stoppers (bottom row right)—a deceptively simple white wool. All these are made in Cardin's Paris workrooms, just for Bonwit Teller's Cardin Boutique, Fifth Avenue & 56th St. . . .











DE ROSNAY



Prelude

Mademoiselle

Valencia

The stainless in the sterling knife: why doesn't anyone talk about it?

Surely by now it's no secret that a sterling knife is only half sterling.

The blade is stainless steel.

But from the way silver companies don't talk about it, you'd think there was something to hide.

There isn't. At least not with an International Sterling knife.

We think the stainless blade is so important that we make it ourselves (unlike a lot of other silver companies).

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In the end, we attach it to the blade in such a way that if it ever comes apart, you come to us. And we'll replace the knife free.

So when you see our IS maker's mark beside a sterling knife, you'll know it stands behind the whole knife: handle and blade.

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"I wear new
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every day.

They give me
that evening-out
feeling...
at daylight savings."



Jump stripes, above: a little Lycra pantie girdle striped pink and red, attached to red nylon mesh stockings . . . smooth. By Arthur R. Lewis. About $8. At Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott.

Ariadne shortens your day with Matinee, new daytime companion to our famous gold-boxed evening line. They look alike, even feel alike. And why not? Both are made of fine crimped Fabrienne yarn. But there is a difference in sheerness . . . and handily enough, also in cost. Which makes Matinee as different from the ordinary as night and day.



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Magenta mini-jump, above: a bright idea in stretch nylon zipped up to a standing collar—great for bounding around at home, or going out under a mini-skirt. By Mary Quant. With matching knee socks, not shown, about $30. At Bloomingdale's. Coiffures both pages by Hugh Harrison.

Jump right in . . .





Bright and versatile—
that's the plot. . . .
A long jump, above, to
wear by itself or under
an ankle-length skirt—
in bright red stretch
terry cloth with ruffly
white collar and cuffs. By
Mary Quant. About $20.
At Bloomingdale's.
A short jump for
sleeping, left: red
with purple yoke and
short sleeves banded in
bright green. By
Deanna Littell for
Warner's, of Antron
nylon. About $8. At
Altman's; Marshall Field;
Joseph Magnin.

with T.L.C.* from Italy

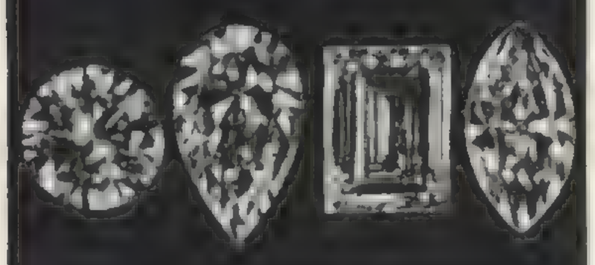


Talented Leather Craftsmanship triples fashion distinction in Rolego's three-section "Envelope" bag. Double lock closures and buffalont leathers bespeak fashion with an Italian accent. Yours in black, spice, breen and taupe. About $30. Rolego handbags, imported from Italy, at I. Miller and other fine stores.

Rolego

Rolego Imports, a division of Rockland Leather Goods
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Schloss Fasanerie

(Continued from page 142)

by a deer park that merges with the infinity of woods beyond.

Far from being the Sleeping Beauty that its exterior suggests, Fasanerie contains one of the most recently assembled, exquisitely presented, genuinely absorbing museums of former princely life that exist in Europe today.

Originally built as a summer palace for the Prince-Abbots, later Prince-Bishops, of Fulda, the castle passed at the beginning of the nineteenth century to the senior branch of the then sovereign House of Hesse—usually referred to as the Electoral branch of Hesse-Cassel, to distinguish it from the junior, Grand-Ducal line of Hesse-Darmstadt, or *Hessen und bei Rhein.* For years thereafter, Fasanerie was merely one of their lesser properties. But in the course of time, for political and practical reasons, it has assumed an unexpectedly important rôle in their family story.

The House of Hesse during the last hundred years has suffered many losses of rights and properties. Deprived of its sovereignty in 1866, when Hesse-Cassel was annexed by Prussia, it was simultaneously deprived of its most valuable collections and greatest houses, notably two world-famous palaces near Kassel: Wilhelmshöhe, with its fantastic baroque cascades, and Wilhelmstal, one of the jewels of German rococo.

Like several of the other castles still belonging to the family, Fasanerie was seriously damaged in World War II. In all, 190 bombs fell on its buildings or in its park. Shortly before Christmas, 1944, the castle received three direct hits, which shattered every door, window, roof, and ceiling in the place. But since the war's end the entire fabric has been restored by the present Landgrave, His Royal Highness The Landgrave Philipp.

It was to Fasanerie that he decided to bring the bulk of his family's phenomenal accumulation of paintings and porcelain, furniture and priceless objects. And it is at Fasanerie that he has installed them now, together with his own collection of antique sculpture, of which the least that can be said is that it rivals any other private collection of Greek and Roman statuary in the world.

He has rehabilitated the lofty state rooms built for the most magnificent of the eighteenth-century Prince-Bishops by the Italian Andrea Gallasini and altered for the Elector Wilhelm II in the early nineteenth century. He has adapted rooms on the ground floor to hold the family collection of porcelain, including the famous service of the Hessian Order of the Iron Helmet, consisting of 1,700 pieces —enough for three hundred guests.

Drawing rooms and bedrooms, studies and libraries, cabinets of chinoiserie, miniatures, and silhouettes, now offer an extraordinary permanent exhibition of three centuries of family portraiture, and of every consecutive style of European interior decoration, from the baroque through Régence, rococo, Louis Quinze and Louis Seize, Empire, Romantic, Biedermeier and "second rococo," to the German and Russian versions of mid-Victorian at its height. There are rooms commemorating the family's English and Danish relations; and rooms named after the castles, now confiscated, sold, or destroyed, to which their contents once belonged.

But Fasanerie today is much more than a tour de force of restoration and reconstitution. The Landgrave Philipp is an aesthete as well as an expert, a born designer as well as an heir. The rooms which he has re-created are works of art. They seem all the more true to life because they have been at least in part invented. Their beauty moves one all the more because one suspects that the original, the model or inspiration, was in reality never quite so significantly beautiful as his eye and touch have made it seem.

Of all the rooms in the Schloss—and there are thirty or more open to the public—none better illustrates the spirit, or point, of Fasanerie than the *Reiher-Saal,* or Hall of the Heron Hunt. Twenty years ago no such room existed. It has been made out of several rooms on two floors especially to house a series of large paintings by the eighteenth-century Hessian court painter, Johann Heinrich Tischbein, of a heron hunt with falcons at which Landgrave Friedrich II entertained a visiting prince at his hunting lodge of Wabern near Fritzlar.

The paintings spent the last war rolled up for safekeeping at Kassel. After the war they were lent for exhibition to the Kasseler Landesmuseum. Now they have been installed at Fasanerie, in a high, white hall, an indoor pavilion of impeccable proportions, admirable purity of line and simplicity of decoration worthy of the eighteenth century at its lightest and best.

Fasanerie is rich in portraits of successive Landgraves and Electors and their male relatives and connections by marriage. But it is, above all, the women of this family, represented by their personal possessions as well as by their likenesses, whose characters remain most clearly in the mind.

On the wall of a little room containing the personal library of the Landgravine Marie, wife of Friedrich II, an irresistible portrait of this eighteenth-century English-born princess shows her wearing a lace cap with blue ribbons and holding a volume of Pope, open at a distinctly Deist hymn. Her actual copies of Pope's works are in the shelves of the room today, along with all her other books from England—Burnet, Addison, Chesterfield's *Letters*—side by side with her copies of the collected works of Voltaire and Rousseau and the *Encyclopédie.*

An early nineteenth-century Electress of Hesse, born Princess Augusta of Prussia, turns out to have been not only an avid collector of the works of the contemporary Romantic school of German painters known as the *Nazarener,* but also, judging by her self-portrait in the *Gartenzimmer,* a highly accomplished painter herself.

There is a pathos about a tiny room known as the *Toilettenzimmer,* containing the Rus-

sian furniture, silver dressing mirror, and Romanov family watercolour portraits brought to Germany by the young and beautiful Grand-Duchess Alexandra Nicolaievna, when she married Landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm in 1844. Less than a year later she was dead. Her portrait in the *Rumpenheimer Zimmer* is all the more touching for being so obviously unfinished.

Her widower later married Princess Anna of Prussia, the present Landgrave's grandmother, whose portrait by Winterhalter is the most brilliant nineteenth-century painting at Fasanerie, just as the pink-and-silver damask-lined mid-nineteenth-century room which it dominates, the *Philippsruher Zimmer*, is the most brilliant evocation of a period and a person in this castle.

The Landgravine Anna, friend and patroness of Brahms, lived on until 1918, and is still remembered by many of the older inhabitants of Fulda, for some of whom, even now, the House of Hesse has something of the nostalgic appeal of a personal royal family of whom they have been deprived by fate. . . .

One of the first recorded ancestors of the House, a count in the valley of the Meuse, married the great-granddaughter of Charlemagne in 846. Historically the most famous head of the family was the sixteenth-century Landgrave Philipp the Generous, a Prince of the Reformation: one of those who, by signing a protest against the decrees of the Diet of Speyer, originated the name of Protestant.

In the early eighteenth century, Landgrave Friedrich I of Hesse married the sister of Charles XII of Sweden, and ruled Sweden as king for thirty-one years. Landgrave Friedrich II married a daughter of George II of England. Princely intermarriage between Hesse and Denmark became so much a matter of course that nineteenth-century Landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm would have succeeded to the Danish throne if he had not renounced his right in favour of his sister Louise, whose husband, the son of a Hessian princess, became King Christian IX, ancestor of the present Royal Families of Denmark, Greece, and Norway.

Intermarriage between Hesse and Prussia was about as frequent. The present Head of the House of Hesse is the son and the grandson of Prussian princesses. His wife, the late Princess Mafalda of Savoy, was a sister of the last king of Italy. His mother was a daughter of the Empress Frederick, the former Princess Royal of England.

Among the greatest treasures of Fasanerie are the many works of art inherited from the Empress Frederick. Most often remembered because of her dislike of Bismarck (which he cordially returned) and her misunderstandings with her son, the last German Kaiser, the Prince Consort's talented eldest daughter deserves rather to be remembered as one of the outstanding collectors of her time. It is as such that she is represented at Fasanerie, which owes to her, among other things, one of the finest portraits extant of Queen Elizabeth I; paintings by Paris Bordone and Rubens; bronzes by Le Sueur; and the midnight-blue enamel-framed mirror of Marie Antoinette, given to the Empress by her fellow connoisseur, Sir Richard Wallace.

The splendid state rooms of Fasanerie are still used on great family occasions. There is a small private apartment, overlooking the *Innenhof*, for family use. But Fasanerie is hardly the kind of house which anyone would attempt to maintain as a regular residence today.

The Landgrave's eldest son and heir, His Royal Highness Prince Moritz of Hesse, knows the contents of Fasanerie well and loves them dearly. As a youth during the war, he helped to salvage some of them. But he himself now lives, with his wife and two infant children, Mafalda and Heinrich Donatus, several hundred miles away on one of the other remaining family properties, the early seventeenth-century castle of Panker in Holstein, where he breeds horses and farms what is left of the estate.

Prince Moritz would be no more likely to think of himself as an aesthete or an art expert than would any average German or Danish or English country gentleman whose days are devoted to the upkeep of an estate. But since Panker was also seriously damaged in World War II, Prince Moritz, like his father, is going about the job of restoration. At Panker the main staircase, which had been largely used for firewood, has been entirely remade, and looks as though it had been there for centuries. Paintings have been brought from the burnt-out Hesse castle Rumpenheim, and a whole ceiling has been brought from Kassel.

One recognizes decorative details reminiscent of Fasanerie: the same design of the occasional window pierced between two rooms, the same metal arabesques on the frames of versions of the familiar family portraits. Helped by his wife, the former Princess Tatjana zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, who studied at an art school in Paris before her marriage, Prince Moritz has marbleized walls, mended the shattered crystal pendants of chandeliers, designed new boiseries, and redesigned the formal garden.

Last year Prince Moritz and his wife spent days in consultation with a carpenter, drawing and redrawing the outlines of the fireplace in their future library, adapted from the design of a fireplace in one of his ancestors' late eighteenth-century castles. The gutted room where they do their work of repairing and restoration is destined to be a "Chinese" room. On the bare walls of what is becoming their "Neapolitan" room, Prince Moritz's younger brother, Prince Heinrich, the painter and stage-designer known in Rome as Enrico d'Assia, has been commissioned to paint a panorama of the Gulf of Naples, with a special prominence for the island of Capri, where their father has built a house and now spends a part of each year.

There are a number of famous European families with a somewhat similar ancestry and heritage of possessions. But one doubts whether many have a greater talent to make the best of their inheritance, to give a new life to it and to the now largely forgotten human beings from whom it comes.



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At the stroke of twelve

It was conceived in Grasse, given birth in Monte Carlo at twelve midnight, and christened twelve: Lenthéric 12, an evocative new fragrance. What does it evoke? A portrait of a woman. (See woman, portrayed, page 79.) Inspired by the elusive, and utterly feminine pulse, the fragrance has a smoky-flowery quality. It throbs differently, depending on the wearer. But whoever the wearer, she cheers its wearability. You'll begin to sense Lenthéric 12's presence along about now—it arrives in the Americas this month. Recognize it in its layered glass, cabochon-capped phial. Which see below. . . .



For more enlightened slumber

Once upon a time, we suspect, when great ladies of the land took one of their fabled beauty sleeps, it was under the burden of masques and visible creams. There was so much ado about "heaviness means effectiveness" then, we marvel how they slept at all considering the facial finery. The Elizabeth Arden people have taken particular trouble to prove that visible results don't necessarily come from visible means, that a night cream doesn't have to be rubbed in forever to penetrate the surface of the skin. And so: Beauty Sleep was formulated with all the weighty moisturizing properties a night cream should and could have . . . and then, somewhat miraculously, whipped up to weightlessness. It settles down to work immediately on the *second* layer of skin—lightly, fragrantly, capably. Deceptive in consistency but quite fascinating in constancy, Beauty Sleep predicts a dawn of fresher, more enlightened skin. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 168).

Perfect teeth

(Continued from page 131)

attacks. There are also better cements now, and better "recall" for frequent checkups. A development of a few years ago can make a difference, too: this consists of a tooth-coloured substance to coat orthodontic wires and make the bands less visible —cuts down on the fiddling a child or adult will do with a more visible band.

Any words of warning to the orthodontics patient—child or adult? Yes. Whenever a tooth is moved, its meshing mechanism moves. Just because a tooth is in the proper position in the head does *not* mean the inclines of the tooth are in proper relationship. To get the bite right means some selective grinding of the teeth is called for. Most orthodontists do not automatically do this. But the perfecting of the precise pattern of occlusion is so vital there's now a whole separate dental specialty devoted entirely to tooth-to-tooth relationship. Called gnathology, again it's something we're teaching our general practitioner.

Is a bad bite something you can live with? Not forever, usually. Man is the only animal able to survive the loss of teeth. That's because if worse comes to worst he can get himself some dental plates, or at least have the wit to procure food that takes no chewing. We're interested in seeing people keep their natural teeth as long as they live, and another trouble with poor occlusion is it contributes to gingivitis, which sets the stage for periodontal disease, which in turn costs people their teeth. Medicine has extended the life of man; dentistry must extend the life of the teeth to match. ***How do you put the bite on a good bite?*** The jaw is unique. It's the only joint in the body that's divided in half. Half of it is on one side of your head; half is on the other side of your head. People don't realize this. Put your fingers right in front of your ears, move your jaw, and you can feel this strange, divided joint work. Your lower jaw actually floats—it's suspended in space, suspended in tissue fluid. This floating thing is balanced delicately by muscles and ligaments, and fitted out with a pair of ears. When a mismeshing of gears occurs, when the teeth no longer bite right, you can have headaches, dizziness, facial pain—and a frightful ringing in the ears. ***Any cheerful earful about bite correction?*** You can correct the bite surgically. You can correct it by selective grinding. You can correct it by reconstructive dentistry. But even a naturally good occlusion can be upset by habits. ***What habits change the bite relationship?*** If you have an automobile and you happen to drive it sharply into a curb, you throw the front end of the automobile out of alignment, and it isn't long before the tires begin to wear unevenly. Same thing happens with certain oral habits. You can be a pencil biter; in time, your pencil-biting habit will have moved your jaw and teeth out of line. Your sleeping habits—if you sleep always on one side—can upset your occlusion. A student who leans his face against his hand day after day during lectures can change his bite relationship. Or if you're tense, you may become an oral doodler, may take to thrusting your tongue against a tooth in a certain way, and it won't be long before you've disturbed the meshing of your teeth.

Can oral habits actually change the look of teeth? The position of teeth in the arch of the mouth can depend on mouth habits. If lip pressure is too strong, teeth turn in—like rats' teeth, rabbits' teeth. If tongue pressure is too strong, the teeth protrude and space out —look as though they could eat through a picket fence. We had a woman who came in here complaining that she could no longer eat artichokes; her front teeth were thrust so far forward there was no occlusion at all. Turned out she was what we call a tongue-thruster and after about fifty years of pressing her tongue against her front teeth, she'd pushed her teeth completely out of line. She was a candidate for re-education in swallowing. She had to be taught how to swallow all over again. I don't mean this as a joke; I mean it quite seriously: women have very powerful tongues. . . . A tooth pushed around by habit has to be put back in place. The more a tooth loosens, the more bone is lost, and you have a major inciter of the periodontal disease which costs people their teeth as they age.

Suppose you're losing bone now—how can it be stopped? First, you have to find out why it's happening. The cause may be medical—may relate to anaemia, or a loss of calcium, or one of any number of systemic conditions. The cause may be tooth-loss or malocclusion—we've already gone into that. But the primary cause of periodontal disease, or the loss of bone, is the formation of bacterial plaque in which calculus forms and leads to bone-destruction. The arresting officer in this field is called a periodontist; he may recommend a series of treatments called periodontal scaling, or curettage, to remove the invading tartar. Then he may stabilize the teeth with a fine wire to prevent further tooth-movement and resultant bone-loss. In any case, periodontal wires will be worn only temporarily. If the treatment-wiring proves to be successful, if bone-loss is arrested, then you can start your rehabilitation. This is reconstruction in which you develop permanent splints. Usually it consists of building caps over the teeth, tying the caps together—soldering them together, so that each tooth is supported by a tooth on either side. The total package is a large part of the new story of why no tooth need be lost, and why dentures are not the inevitables they once were.

Where do you find the wizards—the super periodontist, the miracle-worker reconstructionist? You could call the secretary of your local dental society, ask the names of board-certified men working in the specialty you want. Just as in medicine, in dentistry the term Diplomate indicates a man who has taken special training in a field and has been examined by a scrutinizing board that says he is super. Your own general practitioner could name for you some local Diplomates. We don't know what every Diplomate has

(Continued on page 164)



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Perfect teeth

(Continued from page 163)

in his heart, but we do know what he has in his hands and in his head.

How about ways to prevent the formation of calculus in the first place? The race is on for something that will block these deposits before they harden on the teeth. There is heavy research in this; the expectation is it will be resolved very soon, probably in a form that will make the plaque-fighter an additive to a tooth paste. But calculus is strange. Its formation is greater in women than in men. Until we have a calculus-preventer, the best prevention is your toothbrush. When you eat sticky foods, you contribute to the film of bacterial plaque that forms around the neck of the tooth. Food isn't the whole story, however. You can take a patient with no food at all going through his mouth—a patient being given intravenous feeding, for example—and he'll still get a bacterial plaque; he'll still develop the plaque that contributes to gingivitis, which is the first step toward periodontal disease.

What's the word on tooth cleansing? Brush your teeth three times a day, if you can. People scrub the daylights out of the teeth they can see, the teeth other people can see, and they forget that teeth have insides; they forget areas between teeth. Then, some people go overboard and brush teeth so hard they cut grooves in the outer surfaces. You can ruin your mouth with the wrong use of a toothbrush, or with a too-hard toothbrush. The wrong way to use a toothbrush is to load it with dental paste and start in the same place every time you brush. The right way is to spread paste lightly and go over entire mouth lightly, working the paste about. Then brush. But begin in a different place each time. ***How can you tell whether you've cleaned your teeth clean?*** There are tablets on the market right now that can tell you. Developed at the University of Texas, they're called Disclosing Tablets. You put one in your mouth, chew it for thirty seconds, and it will act as an identifier of debris by tinting areas in which there are deposits of food. You could think of this tablet as a training tablet—it'll show you where the plaque forms, where you habitually miss the spot with your toothbrush. ***How about stain removing?*** Don't do home-care on stain cleansing. Eliminate the cause. Powdered coffee and powdered tea have just been found to be great stain-causers; go ahead and drink them, but always rinse or brush teeth after you've had a cup of one of these. You could say that anything that stains your coffee cup will stain your teeth. And anything that sticks to china will stick to teeth.

What's on the menu for good teeth? As far as nutrition and dentistry are concerned, it's hard to go wrong if you eat normally, eat right. But certain foods need more conscientious brushing than others—breakfast cereals are the prime offenders; these and the before-bed glass of milk should be followed by careful tooth-brushing. The foods called Nature's Toothbrushes—raw apples, celery, carrots—are excellent; we'd like to see a national menu-revision that would make salad the last course, served after the dessert. Not all fruits are good for teeth, incidentally. Straight lemon-sucking will take the enamel off teeth. Dilute your lemon juice.

What's new on the tooth-capping front? A swing back to more conservative cutting. When the first rush to porcelain-jacketing was on, we had an era of what some of the dental profession calls "teepee dentistry"—the natural teeth were cut down in jagged points that looked like a row of Indian teepees, and then were dressed up with caps. Trouble was, there was trouble. Some teeth died. The cutting is more conservative now. In successful jacketing of teeth, it's the *net fit* that counts—the net sealing of the tooth and its protection from future invasion by bacteria. There are new drugs that help prevent invasion; there's a cortical steroid that's used now to lessen inflammatory processes. And there are some new, and remarkably lifelike, veneers from which to choose.

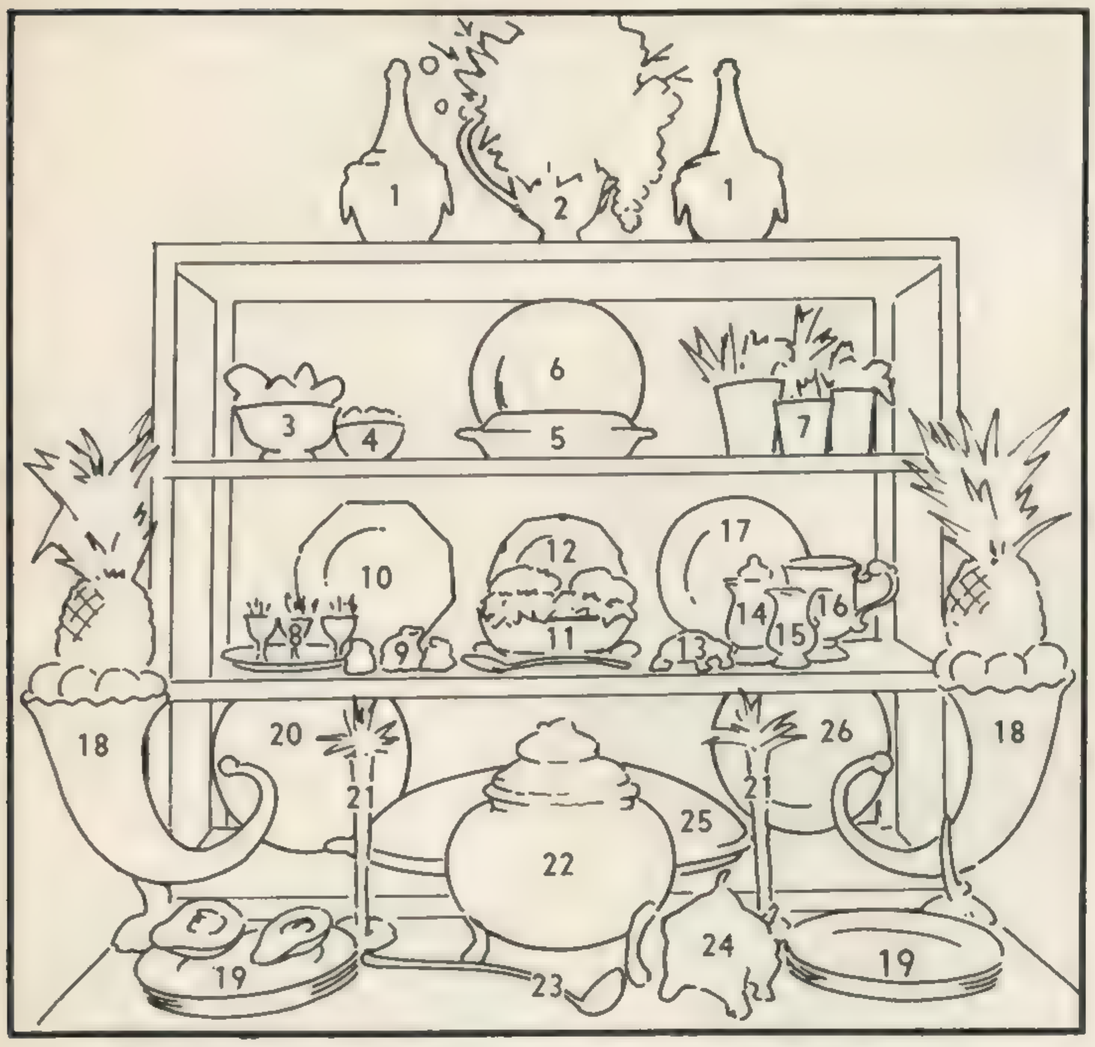
Then why do some capped teeth look so obviously phony? Some capping is too "perfect" and so are some artificial teeth. You have to go out of your way to create imperfections that have the characteristics of natural teeth—you have to cut in erosion and ridges with a diamond instrument, for example. You should know how to *stain* deliberately. And you must be able to recognize colour—how much light is in a tooth, how much dark—and this is a far more subtle process than you might think. We take our shade determinations by moving a patient into different kinds of light: rooms that simulate strong daylight, rooms that have white light, rooms with golden light. What must be understood by the patient is that artificial teeth, because they are porcelain, because they are man-made, are not going to look absolutely natural in all lights. And they're not going to look remotely natural unless their proportion in relationship to the face *follows* the rule of nature—a rule nature itself seldom violates. ***What's the rule?*** The rule's uncanny. It's this: the shape of your front tooth, technically the anterior tooth, is always the inverse shape of your face. A face with a broad, high forehead and a small pointed chin invariably means the anterior tooth will be narrow at the top and broad at the base. A totally square face indicates a square anterior tooth. You look at the face, in your mind turn the face upside down, and you'll know what shape the cap or false front-tooth should be. ***What about size?*** Again, you go back to the face for your clue, back to nature. In nature, an anterior tooth's length measures one-sixteenth that of the length of the face, hairline to chin. Its width is one-sixteenth the measurement from zygoma to zygoma—cheekbone to cheekbone, that is. Good reconstructive dentistry reconstructs the facts; it doesn't invent. ***What's the life expectancy of a tooth capping job?*** Put it this way. As aesthetics increase, function decreases. An all-porcelain reconstruction is going to be more breakable than an all-gold job. You'll have breakage—just as you would with bone china versus pewter. But the risk in the veneering substance is solely a financial risk. And the financial risk is this: you may have to have the work replaced in time. As long as everyone is honest about this, both the patient and the dentist, there should be no unhappiness. Ideally, for wear and tear, you reconstruct with porcelain on gold.

Any news re the painful subject of pain? There is absolutely no reason for pain in any dental process now. Some of the pain-killers in use are so good there's no reason to ask for anything better. But pain is a learned response to a great degree. Some patients call vibration "pain." Some consider sound "pain." New high-speed cutting equipment has greatly reduced these. ***But doesn't a dentist count on his patient to inform him of pain—isn't it of consequence to the procedure?*** Teeth are not a throwoff of bone; tooth is ectodermal, like skin, fingernails, toenails, hair—except for its pulp. Pulp is sensitive; it's mesodermal in origin, stems from the middle layer of cells that also make the intestinal tract, bone, blood, connective tissues. Anyone who's been through dental school knows where the pulp is. The patient doesn't have to be on the alert to tell the dentist when the pulp is being approached. ***Any exceptions to the rule of patient silence?*** The only time the patient can help the dentist is during the fitting of a crown or inlay. When these are being delivered, the dentist wants to know whether the gears of occlusion are meshing properly. Dentists would like to cement your new crown or inlay without anaesthesia for this reason. But since some patients are extremely sensitive to the cementing medium at this time, the new thing is the use of refrigeration anaesthesia. You have the patient use progressively colder and colder water, down to the point of ice water. Then the dentist can go about the fitting without having the patient experience any pain or discomfort. When the temperature of the tooth comes back to normal, which it does quickly, the patient can tell you immediately whether the restoration is high, meshed, mismeshed, whatever.

(Continued on page 168)

A Feast of Silver

(Continued from page 150-151)



Pale rattan furniture with silvery aluminum trim designed by Inman Cook to order through Luten Clarey Stern. Cocktail-height Parsons table, $200. Three-tier shelf, $250. Square planter boxes, $150 each. The silver: 1. Pair of wine coolers with panelled sides made in London c. 1794, $6,500, at Shrubsole. 2. Helmet-shaped pitcher made in London c. 1838, $1,325, at James Robinson. 3. Paul Revere bowl, seven-inch diameter, $85, by Towle. 4. "George I" waste bowl, $75, by Gorham. 5. "Lord Robert" pattern vegetable dish, $750, by International. 6. "Second-course dish" made in London c. 1773, $950, at Shrubsole. 7. Basket-weave cachepots, $94, $130, $210, at Tiffany's. 8. Victorian silver-plated egg server, $65, at Belgravia House. 9. Frog mustard pot, $250; frog salt and pepper set, $175; 10. bamboo-bordered place plate, $200, all at Tiffany's. 11. Vegetable dish with top used as trivet base, $120, by Reed & Barton. 12. "Lord Robert" pattern small round tray, $200, by International. 13. Turtle box, $240, at Tiffany's. 14. Reproduction eighteenth-century milk jug with ebony handle, $150, by Lunt. 15. "George I" pattern creamer, $115, by Gorham. 16. George II ewer made in Newcastle c. 1759, $1,250, at Shrubsole. 17. "Pointed Antique" pattern sandwich plate, $120, by Reed & Barton. 18. Italian silver-plated cornucopias, $126 each, at Belgravia House. 19. Oxford fine white bone-china dinner plates, platinum banded, "Lexington," $7.50 each. 20. Thirteen-inch silver-plated round tray, $11.50, by Oneida. 21. Palm-tree candlesticks, with removable leaves, $800 a pair; 22. zigzag-patterned tureen, $1,075; 23. soup ladle, $110; 24. frog tureen, $825; all at Tiffany's. 25. Large fish platter with pierced rack and dome cover, $6,680, at Georg Jensen. 26. Twelve-and-one-half-inch round tray, $120, by Lunt.

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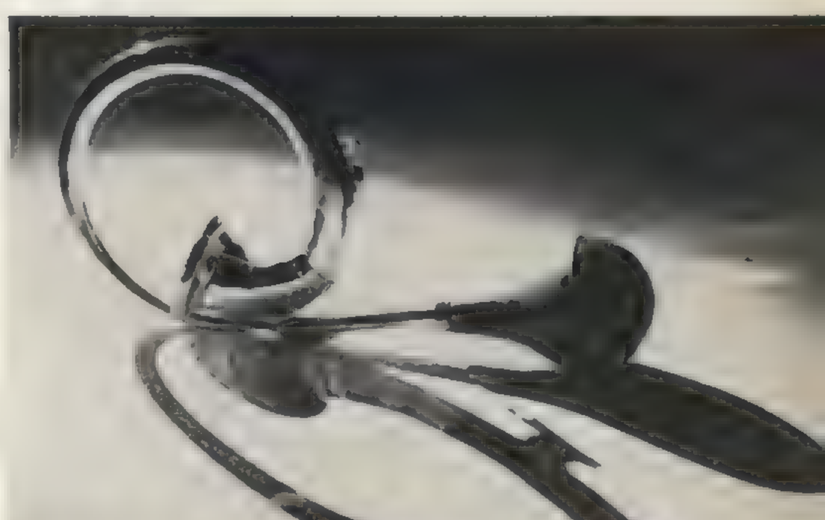
For baby-pillow fans— pillowcases in pink silk with lace, and satin appliqués. $58. In white batiste with pink-and-blue embroidery, $14; or with white lace etchings and inserts, $18. Both, also in pink, or blue. From E. Braun & Co., 717 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10021.





Mobile fantasy from Thailand, a bright yellow, red, and green handmade palm frond mobile—one big fish with several little ones underneath. It's constructed to turn gently on itself at the slightest touch. $35. From Far Eastern Fabrics, 171 Madison Avenue, New York 10016.

Come blow your horn—a brass reproduction of an old Indian taxi horn. To attach to your sportscar, the front door of a country house, or maybe even a bicycle. Suzy Girard, 1042 Lexington Avenue, New York 10021.

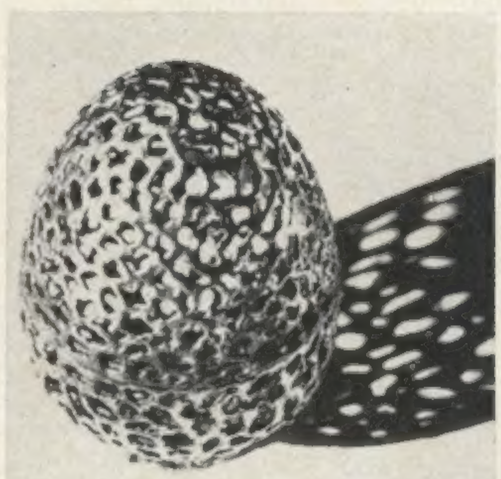


HOUND

The shoe-boot, a walk-in-the-country, day-in-the-city shoe, high over the arch, and high in back. With a Pilgrim buckle, and a low squat heel. Comes in brown, red, black, and green leather. Sizes 5-10. $48. Fiorentina Shoes, 789 Madison Avenue, New York 10021.



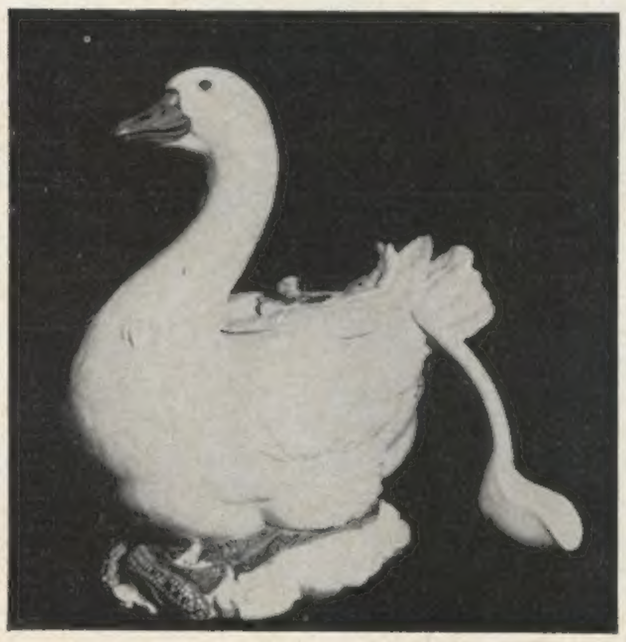
Open-work silver egg— this objet is an Etrog Box used to hold an aromatic citrus fruit during special Hebrew religious services. Made by Israeli artist Menahem Berman. $500. Israeli Arts & Crafts Center, American Israel Culture House, 4 E. 54th St., N. Y. 10022.





Jungle spots stencilled on pony-fur shoulder-strap bags. Upper left: in black leather with a cheetah design insert, $48. Centre and lower left: Baby giraffe and leopard designs on linked squares of fur; chain handles. $26. Yves Saint Laurent scarf, yellow with purple and green stripes; $45. From Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10018.

Soupe du jour— the obvious natural for this white ceramic tureen. The goose's beak and feet are orange and brown. Comes with a white ceramic spoon. Italian import, 16" high. $110. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Hello again, aloe (latest chapter)

Having injected that mysteriously salubrious tropical plant *aloe* into the cosmetics life of so many women, Florida's venturous Aloe Creme labs have taken two further romantic steps in the direction of helping a girl along. First step was out of the country to bring back from Paris a teasing new scent: fresh and young Cri d'Amour perfume and eau de same. Second step was back to Fort Lauderdale to press the moisturizing gel from the *aloe vera* plant into beauty duty by veiling it into action as another member of this cast of Parisian perfumery—into an aloe-d body lotion richly endowed with Cri d'Amour. To soften, soothe, and heal as *aloe* is fabled for. To encourage Cri d'Amour to linger even longer. Two steps well-taken. . . .

Perfect teeth

(Continued from page 164)

With a local anaesthesia, you couldn't tell me for three or four hours how the crown or inlay felt, and that would be too late. I can't keep you around the office that long—and you don't want to stay around, waiting.

Should patients concern themselves with dental X-ray radiation? Any radiation should be used moderately. X-ray films require very small exposure, far below "the therapeutic level." But if you change cities and therefore have to change dentists, you'll find that most dentists will be glad to forward your X-rays to their successors. Technically, the law says the X-ray belongs to the dentist—but the *diagnosis* belongs to the patient. Nonetheless, the only exception to the forwarding of X-rays may be a result of your not having paid for them.

How are we doing, in the U.S., in national dental care? At the American Dental Association headquarters in Chicago, you can find some extraordinary facts. But none more alarming than these. By age two, fifty per cent of all children in the United States have decayed teeth. About one half of the nation's children under the age of fifteen have never been to a dentist. . . . Dental faults begin young and then they compound. What Americans apparently don't realize: there is rarely an excuse for tooth-loss, for dental plates, for facial deformity. *Not* if you don't want them. Not if you're determined to resolve or prevent them. . . .

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 118-119; other views, yardages, details)



7111

Above: Two views of a shimmery side-folded dress (we added the band of mink)—pattern includes a long version. Vogue Pattern 7111. Sizes 10-18. Size 12, short, requires 3½ yards of 36″ fabric without nap; 3½ yards of underlining if dress is sheer. $2. In Canada, $2.20.



7099

Above: Shimmery silvery coat-dress—pattern includes long version. Vogue Pattern 7099. Sizes 10-18. Size 12, short, requires 7⅞ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for underdress, overdress, and scarf. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

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It began with a dream of women. Women in all their infinite variety.
We were haunted by that dream. And so we sought out twelve of the world's great painters and said to them: "Women. What do you see in them?
Paint for us your version, your vision of their very essence."

Some painted the colors of their laughter. Others captured the trembling of an unshed tear. Some saw their sunlight. Others felt their secret silences.

Then one day, the paintings were ours. To draw from. To distill. To extend presence into perfume. A perfume all mood, all magic, all wonder, all woman. This is how Lenthéric 12 happened. Now let it happen to you.

LENTHÉRIC 12 *A portrait in perfume*